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COVER: A decisive victory sets the stage for the Bush years, and the U.S. looks ahead to a leader who offers continuity more than vision

24

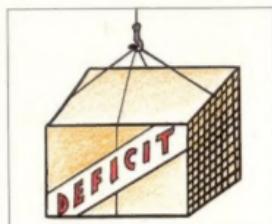
"There's lots of work to do," he says—but a Democratic Congress won't make it easy. ► How the new President took the White House: by sweeping the South and taking key industrial states in the Midwest. ► If Michael Dukakis is such a competent manager, why was his presidential campaign so poorly managed? ► Nine behind-the-scenes moments that shaped and determined the course of the 1988 election. ► Historian Garry Wills says Bush won by embracing his own version of populism. ► Seven new faces in the Senate.



WORLD: As the next Administration prepares to take charge, the search is on for fresh approaches to Central America

Ronald Reagan has presided over neither the democratization of the region nor the disintegration of the Communists—no winners, only losers. The new Administration must find a better policy.

- The military tightens its chokehold in Burma, even as it promises reforms and elections. ► For the first time in eleven years, all of Pakistan's parties are taking part in a national political campaign.



BUSINESS: To tackle the budget deficit, the new President ought to raise taxes. But not much!

109

What's needed is modest increases that are so fair and sensible they virtually scream to be introduced. Financial writer Andrew Tobias offers a package of four tax hikes that would raise \$40 billion a year without threatening to dampen growth. If the deficits can be held to \$90 billion a year, they will eventually be dwarfed by the expanding economy.

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LAW: Forget Broadway. Head for Centre Street

A cluster of high-profile cases turns Manhattan courtrooms into SRO theaters. The line forms early to see former beauty queen Bess Myerson or accused child murderer Joel Steinberg.

102



ENVIRONMENT: Life with a pack in the High Arctic

From Ellesmere, an island 500 miles from the North Pole, scientist David Mech and photographer Jim Brandenburg bring back the first intimate images of wolves at home and on the hunt.

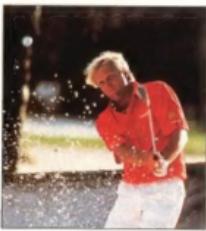
107



PROFILE: Golf's Great White Shark aims for greatness

Winner of 53 pro tournaments, Greg Norman has had the worst luck in golf history. Still, the hard-hitting Australian demonstrates the meaning of sportsmanship and positive thinking.

118



SHOW BUSINESS: The spin doctors of movie publicity

Sometimes, it seems, the biggest news on TV is a movie that hasn't opened yet. That's because Hollywood's master publicists get free air time on every talk show that traffics in star quality.

144



4 Letters
121 Technology
121 Behavior

122 Food
122 Milestones
127 Cinema

130 Books
140 Medicine
146 Music

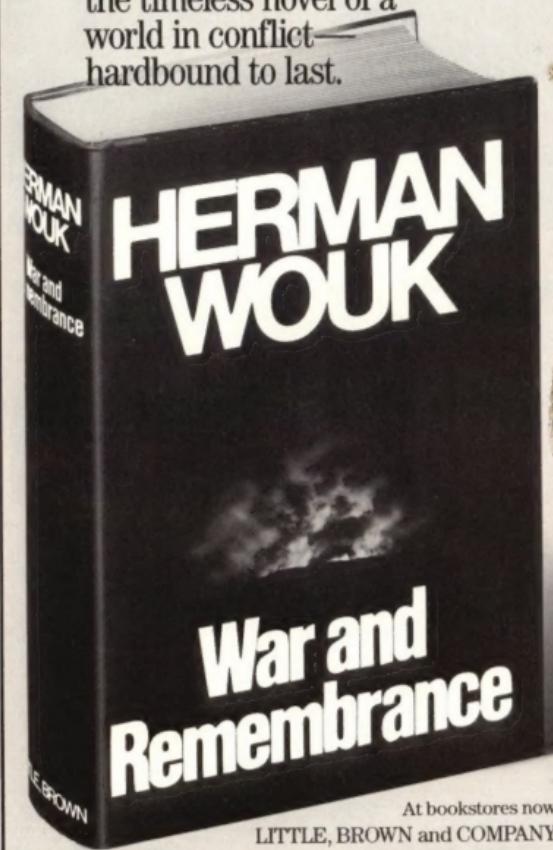
148 Sport
150 People

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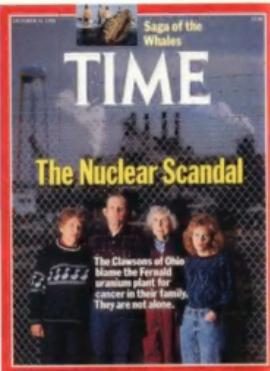
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Letters

THE NUCLEAR SCANDAL

**"The revelations
about weapons
production left
me hotter than
a nuclear
meltdown."**

Richard S. Stenger, Washington

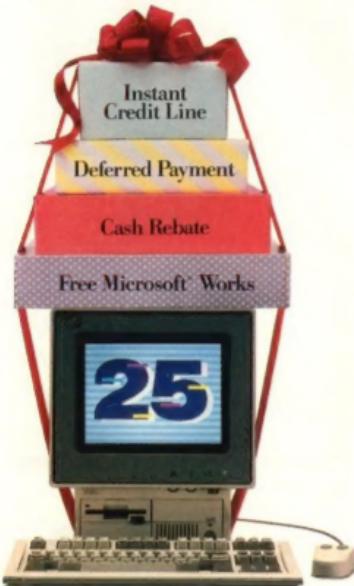


Recent disclosures about health and safety problems at production facilities in Hanford, Wash., and Fernald, Ohio, ought to challenge our most basic assumptions about nuclear weapons [ENVIRONMENT, Oct. 31]. The proposition that we need such arms is widely accepted as fact. But does any nation have to build more when the two superpowers have nearly 60,000 already? The deception about problems associated with nuclear-weapons production is only the latest in a series. Public consent to mutually assured destruction, bombmaking and the catastrophe that would follow a nuclear war could be obtained only by concealing the truth about everything from the production of the weapons to the theories that support their existence and possible use.

Peter A. Zheutlin, Public Affairs Director
International Physicians for the
Prevention of Nuclear War
Cambridge, Mass.

The revelations about weapons production left me hotter than a nuclear meltdown. Whenever I read about the

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plant in Fernald, I do so without a modicum of objectivity. I spent my college vacations as a summer-camp counselor near Fernald. I thought I was leaving the ills of the city, but unknown to me, the local environment was poisoned.

Richard S. Stenger
Washington

I am concerned about the future of the nuclear industry in the U.S. We will need nuclear power, and atomic weapons are a key to our defense. We have to solve the problems of the nuclear-weapons and power plants.

Tim Hicks
Rochester

Financial Future

I applaud investment banker Felix Rohatyn's courage in telling Wall Street how things really are (BUSINESS, Oct. 17). I would like him to expand his taxation philosophy a little, however. Let's consider having zero tax on profit derived from the first trade of a security by an investor who takes the investment risk in a new enterprise (no buyout deals). Such risk directly creates new jobs and expands the country's economic base.

Franklin R. Greenspan
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Rohatyn's solution to the dangerous debt buildup is more controls on the private sector. He calls for taxing away short-term profits on securities to dampen speculation. The net effect: to damage the market's liquidity and stifle the financing of new enterprises. He should have pointed out that the Government's inability to live within its income creates gargantuan bank reserves, which are promoting frenzied speculation in the financial markets. It is not private industry that is to blame, it is Government spending.

Ramon R. Harris
Dayton

Rio Grande Cultures

While various problems exist along the border between Mexico and the U.S., not all is poverty, smuggling and misunderstanding, as John Borrell seems to suggest in his journey along the Rio Grande (WORLD, Oct. 24). This negative image hurts us and impedes our progress. We are honest, hardworking citizens of two great nations, doubly enriched by our two languages, two cultures and the best that two worlds have to offer. We get along, and we truly like and respect one another.

Henry C. Hinds
El Paso

Despite Borrell's glum description, the border area of Mexico has positive things going for it, such as steady economic development, a low unemployment rate



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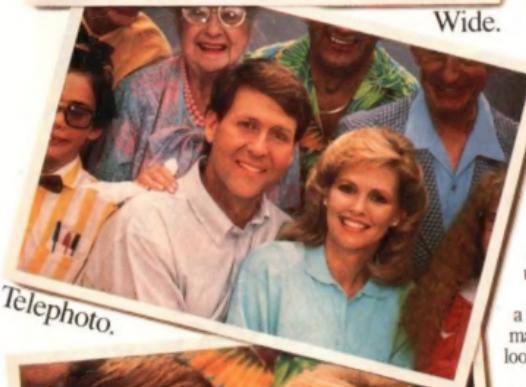
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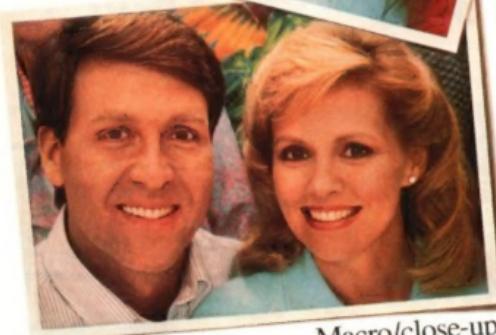
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Letters

and a genuine desire to help create a better nation—one in which we decided to stay, even though a shallow river and short fence would allow us to leave.

*Federico Ruanova Guinea
Tijuana, Mexico*

You quote a Latin America specialist as doubting that "1 American out of 10,000 would know who Sandino was, yet 9 out of 10 Latins know who George Washington was." This comparison is utterly inappropriate. If Latins know the name of Washington, it's because they're taught that he was the Simón Bolívar of the North. Children all over the world learn to revere these two patriots. The name Sandino is, at best, of local significance; the other two are entered in the pantheon of mankind.

*George Javor
Marquette, Mich.*

Flag of Pride

The crew members of *Discovery* thank you for your superb coverage of our mission. However, you imply that the flag unfurled when we landed was brought on board by our ground-support people to improve a photo opportunity with Vice President George Bush [NATION, Oct. 17]. In fact, we requested the flag long before we had any idea that Bush would be there because we thought the successful completion of our mission would represent a victory for the U.S., and we wanted to show our pride.

*Frederick H. Hauck
Discovery Commander
Houston*

Learning Late

Your article about older people going back to school [EDUCATION, Oct. 24] reminded me of the beginning of my graduate studies. I was a "pipeline" student: I went directly from high school to college to seminary. But one of my classmates was a woman old enough to be my grandmother. She thought the rest of us had an advantage over her because we were right out of college. However, I noted that she had completed all the required reading plus some of the suggested material when most of us pipeliners hadn't yet finished the assignments. She was the one with the advantage—a burning eagerness to learn. To those over 25 who are thinking about returning to the classroom: do it! And don't let pipeliners get in your way.

*Paul L. Lubold
Lutheran Theological Seminary
Philadelphia*

In 1964, having obtained a coveted Mrs. degree, I dropped out of college in my junior year with nary a backward



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glance. But after eleven years of dirty diapers, peanut-butter sandwiches, ceramics and belly-dancing lessons ad nauseam, I re-enrolled. I couldn't have been more euphoric had I been on drugs. Learning solely for the joy of knowledge would have remained a foreign concept had I completed school in my 20s.

Nancy Halloran
Houston

Design Diversity

It is heartening to see the evolution of TIME. The new format of the magazine (Oct. 17) is a change for the better: TIME has kept pace with technology—in both reporting on the subject and making good use of it.

Sanjiv K. Bhatia
Lincoln, Neb

You have to adapt to the times, but you also have to realize when you've got something right. The new People section looks wrong. Change it back.

John MacNeil
Fort Nelson, B.C.

There are too many intrusive elements. Instead of flowing easily into the text of a story, the eye is now grabbed right and left by bold type, too many sidebars and those big new bylines. Design should never call undue attention to itself. What you did was to give TIME cosmetic surgery, but the magazine looked better before the operation.

Mitchell Erick
Honolulu

The redesign is attractive and reader friendly. There is one more improvement I would like to see: larger page numbers so that your interesting, well-written and informative articles would be easier to find!

Jan Hunt
Victoria, B.C.

Your fresh face-lift looks GREAT.
Iping Liang
Amherst, Mass.

New Look

Our new design, introduced in the Oct. 17 issue, generated 55 letters. Although 25 of the authors were charmed by the changed format, 30 criticized it, with nine of them panning the expanded, "splashy" People section.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, or may be faxed to 11MF at (212) 522-0907. They should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



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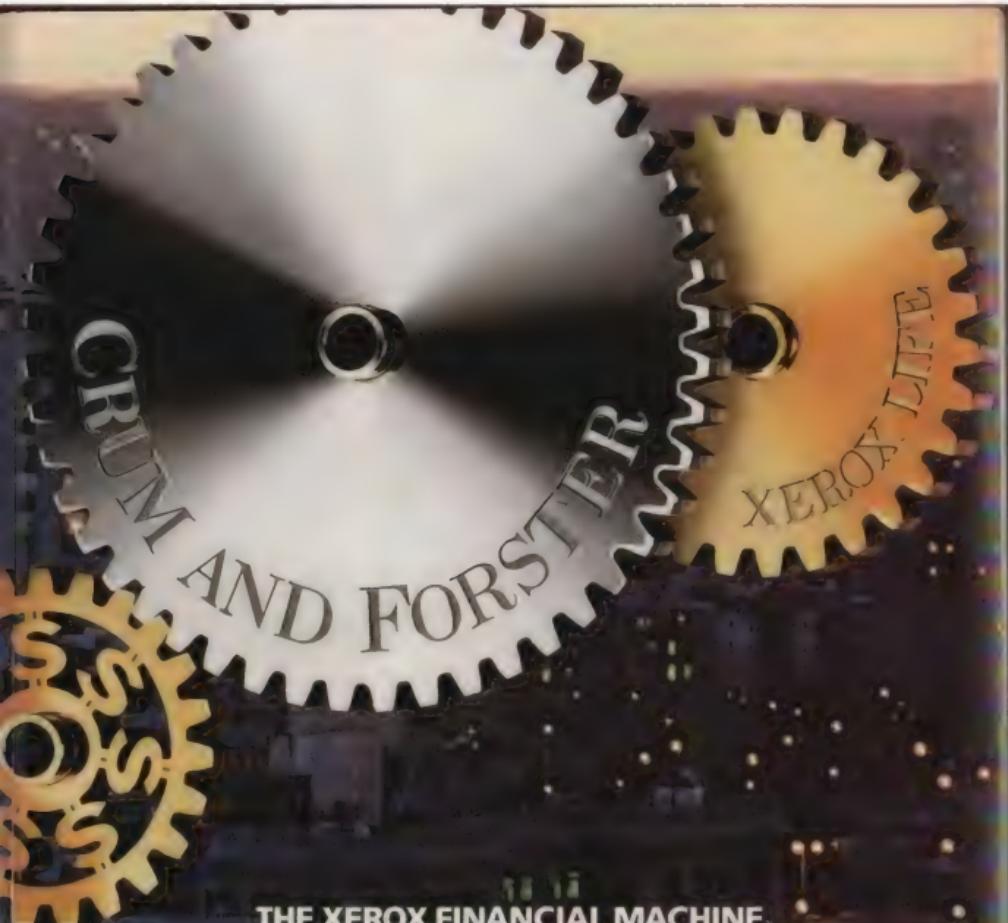


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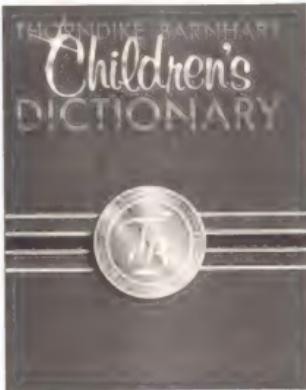
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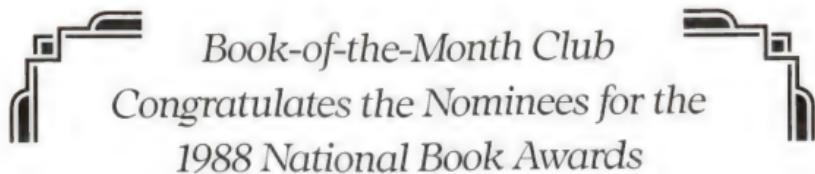
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FICTION

Breathing Lessons
Anne Tyler • Knopf

Libra
Don DeLillo • Viking

Paris Trout
Pete Dexter • Random House

Vanished
Mary McGarry Morris • Viking

Wheat That Springeth Green
J. F. Powers • Knopf

NONFICTION

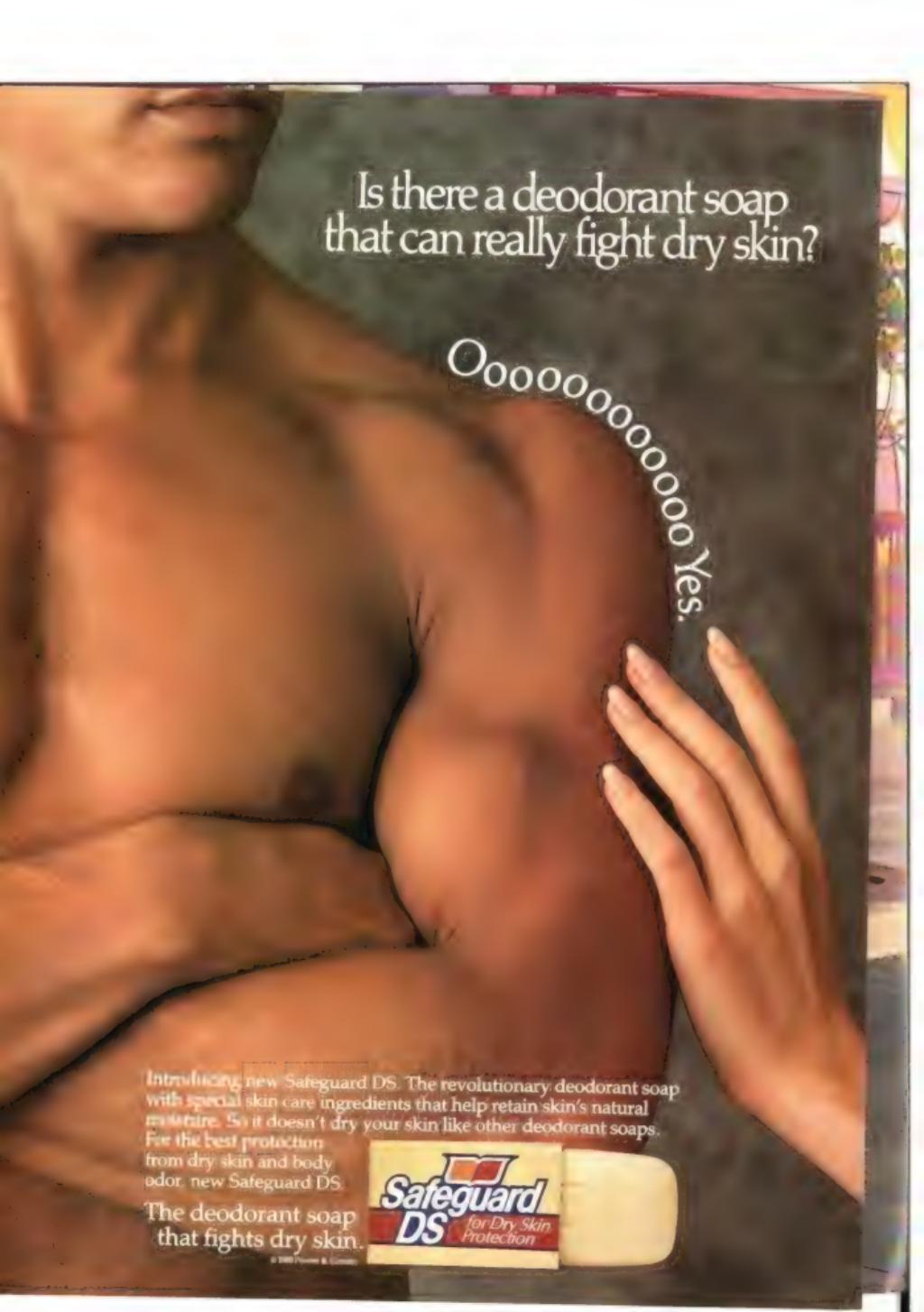
A Bright Shining Lie
Neil Sheehan • Random House

Freud
Peter Gay • Norton

Jefferson and Monticello
Jack McLaughlin • Henry Holt

Nora
Brenda Maddox • Houghton Mifflin

Reconstruction
Eric Foner • Harper & Row



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Critics' Choice



EVERYBODY'S ALL-AMERICAN. A college star (Dennis Quaid) peaks early; his prom-queen wife (Jessica Lange) piques often; a star-struck bookworm (Timothy Hutton) peers into their problems; Taylor Hackford's entertaining soap opera polishes the clichés until they shine like movie truths.

A CRY IN THE DARK. A mother's nightmare—the loss of her baby—is compounded when she is wrongly convicted of murdering the infant. Meryl Streep is awesomely austere as the second victim in this tough-minded drama, based on a 1980 case in Australia.



WAR AND REMEMBRANCE (ABC, Nov. 13-23). Cast of thousands! Cost of millions! Makes *Roots* look like a sapling! The mammoth sequel to *The Winds of War* closes out its 18-hour fall campaign this week and sets the stage for a twelve-hour-plus conclusion next year.

MEXICO (PBS, debuting Nov. 16, 9 p.m. on most stations). From the Mexican Revolution to this year's presidential election in three one-hour documentaries.

ON TRIAL: LEE HARVEY OSWALD (syndicated, Nov. 22 and 23). This gripping—and definitive—television trial, originally produced for Showtime in 1986, makes its broadcast debut on the 25th anniversary of J.F.K.'s assassination.



ITALIAN AMERICAN RECONCILIATION. In John Patrick Shanley's Little Italy, all the women are worldly wise, and all the men are moonstruck. John Turturro leads the cast of this chocolate-heart comedy at the Manhattan Theater Club.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR. Nancy Marchand is at her tragicomic best off-Broadway as a Wasp matriarch in an elegant comedy by A.R. Gurney, author of *The Dining Room*.



THE MARCOS DYNASTY by Sterling Seagrave (Harper & Row, \$22.50). This merciless account of the Filipino dictator's rise and fall poses many intriguing questions and answers some of them. Why did Ferdinand purloin billions of dollars? What did Imelda want with all those shoes?

THE KING OF THE FIELDS by Isaac Bashevis Singer (Farrar Straus Giroux, \$18.95). In his first novel in five years, the Nobel laureate, 84, portrays a remote tribe in a faraway past enduring the shocks of progress and civilization.

SELECTED LETTERS OF EUGENE O'NEILL (Yale University, \$35). He was the first American dramatist to win international acclaim. His private correspondence records his slow disenchantment with the footlights.



BEETHOVEN: EARLY YEARS THROUGH THE EROICA (Smithsonian Collection of Recordings). Just what the world needs: more Beethoven. But wait. This collection of chamber and symphonic works is played with vim and vigor on original instruments: Beethoven like he ought be.

ETTA JAMES: SEVEN YEARITCH (Island). Attention: danger of electric shock. High-voltage R. and B. from a woman who has so much funk, soul, sex and humor that on a tune like *Jump Into My Fire* you can hear the flames crackle.

HOLLY KNIGHT (Columbia). Big-time pop craftsmanship by a songwriter who is responsible for several hits (like *Love Is a Battlefield*) recorded by others.

SHOW BOAT (EMI). The classic Mississippi musical *jez*' keeps rollin' along, here with such stern-wheeling operatic voices as Frederica von Stade

and Teresa Stratas. The first recording that is completely faithful to the original Kern-Hammerstein score reveals a raw, powerful, even angry work. And you thought it was "only make-believe"!



THE PASTORAL LANDSCAPE, National Gallery of Art and the Phillips Collection, Washington. In this joint venture, the National offers "The Legacy of Venice," two centuries of painting from Giorgione (a progenitor of the pastoral genre) to Watteau, while the Phillips, in "The Modern Vision," carries the theme from Constable down to Matisse. Through Jan. 22.

DREAMINGS: THE ART OF ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIA, Asia Society, New York City. Exponents of the oldest visual tradition on earth evoke their spirit ancestors in paintings and carvings of striking beauty. Through Dec. 31.

MONET IN LONDON, High Museum, Atlanta. To mark the museum's fifth anniversary, a show of 23 atmospheric views of Waterloo and Charing Cross bridges and the houses of Parliament, done by the impressionist between 1899 and 1904. Through Jan. 8.

JASPER JOHNS: WORK SINCE 1974, Philadelphia Museum of Art. The show that won the grand prize at last summer's Venice Biennale and cemented Johns' status as America's deepest living painter. Through Jan. 8.



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American Scene

New York City

Coney Island On the Hudson

A pleasure dome emerges from the roof of a huge sewage plant

BY JONATHAN ROSENBLUM

Barges and ferryboats float along one side while automobile traffic skitters by on the other. Just past Grant's Tomb on the Hudson it looms: seven city blocks of arched white concrete with miles of pretzel pipes and a sprouting of cylindrical smokestacks. This is the North River Water Pollution Control Plant, processor for a billion gallons of sewage a week and a monument in its own right. For decades, pols, bureaucrats and engineers here tangled over how to deal with so many people flushing and washing and whatnot. While they jawed, everything went straight into the Hudson River, raw. Now, as the last charcoal cleansing filters are installed inside this state-of-the-art box, an apparition has appeared on the outside, in full view of thousands of neighbors, riverside commuters and pleasure-boat tourists.

Like some misplaced country gazebo, a



carrousel has gone up on the outhouse roof. Exclaims Kevin Walsh, the ironworkers' beefy crew-chief: "It's gonna be like Coney Island out here. Lots of kids riding the horses and pulling the golden ring."

Step right up, boys and girls, there's more to come. There will also be, among other things, an Olympic-size swimming pool, a skating rink, a restaurant, trees, an amphitheater, a track, two softball diamonds and—not to be left off—an expanse more than seven football fields long—a football field. A group of West Harlem community gardeners wants to grow corn up there. In all it is an engineer's multiple-use fantasy, 28 acres big. The Japanese pioneered this kind of architecture, building their own tea garden and baseball diamond on top of a treatment plant. But this will almost certainly be the largest such structure in the world, says Joseph Coppola of New York City's Richard Dattner Architects, the project's design firm. One day soon, ev-



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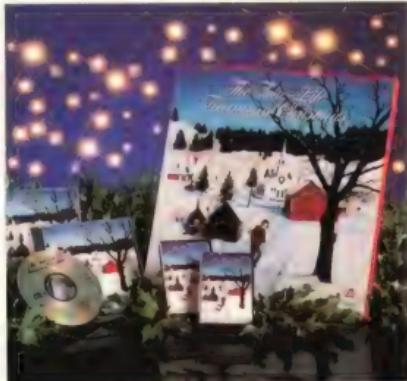
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erry slurp of a West Side drain will bring residents a bit closer to what officials have already named Riverbank State Park.

At West 139th Street a path points toward this looking-glass world. It leads first past the West Harlem community garden, where Julio Benitez and Stephen Gallagher work the flower beds and watch for mockingbirds. Of the new park Gallagher says, "We're negotiating with the state right now. If they're going to have trees and grass up there, they could let us grow some vegetables." He isn't making any predictions yet about the impact of the park, though he's quite pleased with this season's chard. Just ahead, a road crew plants pilings for one of the access bridges connecting the rooftop park and Riverside Drive. The foreman says, "The state thinks it's building a park up there? They're crazy. Go have a look." A left turn leads to the dock where garbage barges are piled high each day and sent off to the trash heap of history. Take a right and slip into the big box itself.

There are pipes everywhere. All kinds: thin pipes no wider than a key ring, vast pipes of the type that sewer monsters crawl out of, and pipes with red, white or blue elbows curving the effluent to some brighter future. A dull hum emanates from sludge pumps deep within. A sign says WARNING: EXPLOSIVE GAS, one among very few hints that you are in the midst of a digestive process. It is surprisingly dry here, just a few puddles, and they're very much inert. "We've got activated aeration with the digestion of this captured sludge," says Nicholas Ilijic, the deputy director for design of the bureau of heavy construction of the New York City department of environmental protection. Like his title, Ilijic moves in cautiously on the subject. Says he: "We've had some turbulence in a wet well that could have caused some odor. But we've gone in and treated the suspect areas with activated carbon and liquid scrubbers. It's a natural process, it's not chemical. This is the process. When it's all totally and completely in place, we'll have off-air under control."

A skeptical West Harlem community awaits the fulfillment of this promise. In fact, the environmentalist and ex-presidential candidate Barry Commoner has warned not only of dangerous fumes but of the threat of explosion from methane gas. Ilijic rejects all naysayers, maintaining that the plant has extensive safety features. Visitors, he says, as many as 10,000 a day, "could be on top of a golf course. This will be the focal point of New York City in a few years. This will be the place. If you're not seen here, you're nowhere."

On then to the roof. A crane lifts machinery off a barge and onto the deck. Ready for this delivery stands the "raisin' gang," a team of sun-dried ironworkers who are raising the carousel, restaurant and the rest of it. Kevin Walsh, raisin'-



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gang chief and Technicolor rooftop troll, wears a union hat with a green ceramic four-leaf clover on it. The carrousel, he says, is a rare assignment in a world that is otherwise biased toward macho structures. Tall buildings and bridges, he says, bring out the ironworkers who know how to "walk the top flange" or "straddle the beams"—balance themselves at great heights. This job has him thinking about carved Italian horses and golden rings.

Walsh has most of the carrousel numbers memorized: 36 ft. in diameter, eight pie-shaped sections, each made with one ton of tubular steel. Separate welded top. A stout gazebo indeed. The mechanical gang, he says, will put in the "horsies." But Walsh is not yet aware of one problem, and a state official explains later. The cost of horsies has stymied planners. "Now they break 'em up horse by horse," says the state's associate park engineer John Bagley. "Our carrousel expert says it would cost some \$290,000 for the actual guts of the carrousel." Even in a rooftop construction budget of more than \$100 million, there isn't enough for that kind of luxury. "We've still got two years. We're just hoping to attract some kind of private or corporate donation," says Bagley.

At 4:30 p.m., the path home in this enclave of mostly Dominican families is strewn with recreating children. There are ball games pressed between a playground and Riverside Drive; about 20 kids squeeze into swings, jungle gyms and monkey bars in the playground at West 142nd Street. Giuseppe DiLoreto, a 57-year-old public school teacher with flowing white-and-blond hair and a bit of a paunch bulging from his shirt, sits on one of the benches. He is, for the moment, an air-traffic controller, watching the children dip and soar on the equipment and sometimes right into his arms. They call him "Mr. Di." In Italy, he says, he was an anarchist, rejecting all forms of authority. Now he's a Riverside Drive Pied Piper, watching over West Harlem kids as a teacher and supervisor for the past 20 years. Lately, he laments, the number of kids has been climbing while the space seems to have shrunk. Says Mr. Di: "The Italians say judge a society by what it does for children and old people." (He pauses here to temper a positive concession to society with a caveat: "Understand, I'm mostly still an anarchist, but I'm talking as a sociable character, O.K.?) Then, looking out at the park-plant, he says: "Here you have mixed the useful with the beautiful. The psychological impact will be to make the children feel like king. They'll be on top of the Hudson and looking out at the George Washington Bridge." He pauses. "You know," he says, as if conjuring up some glowing anarchic vision. "I once had a house on the sea, and above the cesspool I built a deck and planted flowers."

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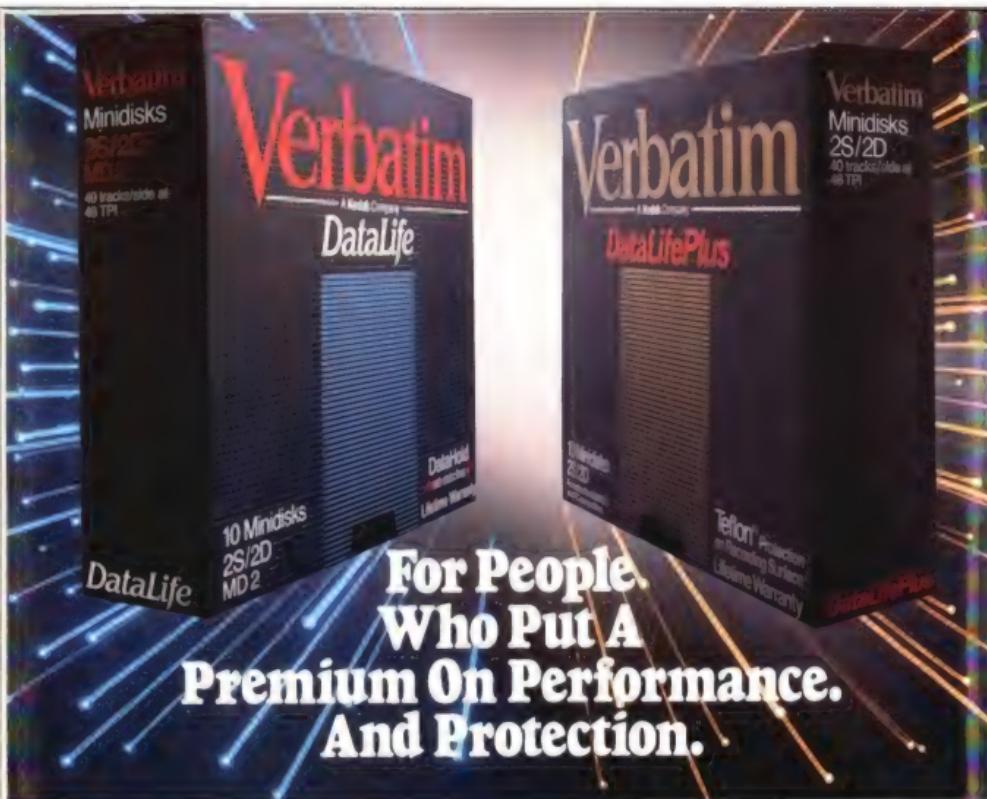
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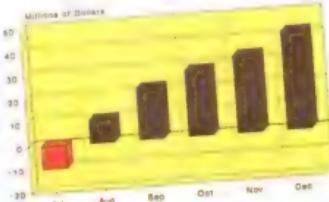
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From the Publisher

Senior editor Walter Isaacson is one of the very few Americans sorry to see the 1988 presidential campaign end. The to-and-fro of politics fascinates him even when the exchanges are as down and dirty as they were this year. For him and for the magazine, this issue charts not only a changing of the guard in Washington but also a new administration in our Nation section. Isaacson has been guiding our coverage of America's political landscape since 1986. Now he will concentrate on two formidable new projects: a full-length biography of Henry Kissinger and, as a senior writer for *TIME*, pieces ranging from essays on foreign policy to profiles of cultural figures.

Isaacson's challenge has been to go beyond the predictable who's-up, who's-down handicapping of the race to bring a more penetrating vision to the key players and the larger issues. "The campaign may have seemed sour and petty," Isaacson says, "but we tried to find interesting ways to cover it." He points with special pride to a series of essays in which the magazine explored the issues that received short shrift from the candidates: health care, the underclass, homelessness, relations with the Soviets. The Grapevine section took



Changing of the guard: Isaacson and Zintl

"America is going to have a new tone and style."

readers behind the scenes for exclusive candid snapshots of the campaign. *TIME* also kept a close watch on the coterie of aides managing the candidates. "It was the year of the handlers," says Isaacson. "When I was out on the trail, I was surprised by how little access the press and the public ever had to the candidates."

Terry Zintl, who has served as Isaacson's deputy, will take charge of the section. Zintl has reported on presidential politics and edited campaign stories since 1972, when he was working for the *Morning News* in Wilmington, Del. He was disappointed by the shallowness and demagoguery of 1988. "It was full of sound and fury that signified a lot less than it should have," he says.

With the assistance of senior editor Jack White, Zintl will lead *TIME* through the presidential transition into the next Administration. "America is going to have a new tone and style," he says. "For us, the challenge will be to explore what's important to the country, as well as what's important to the people trying to run the country."

Robert L. Miller



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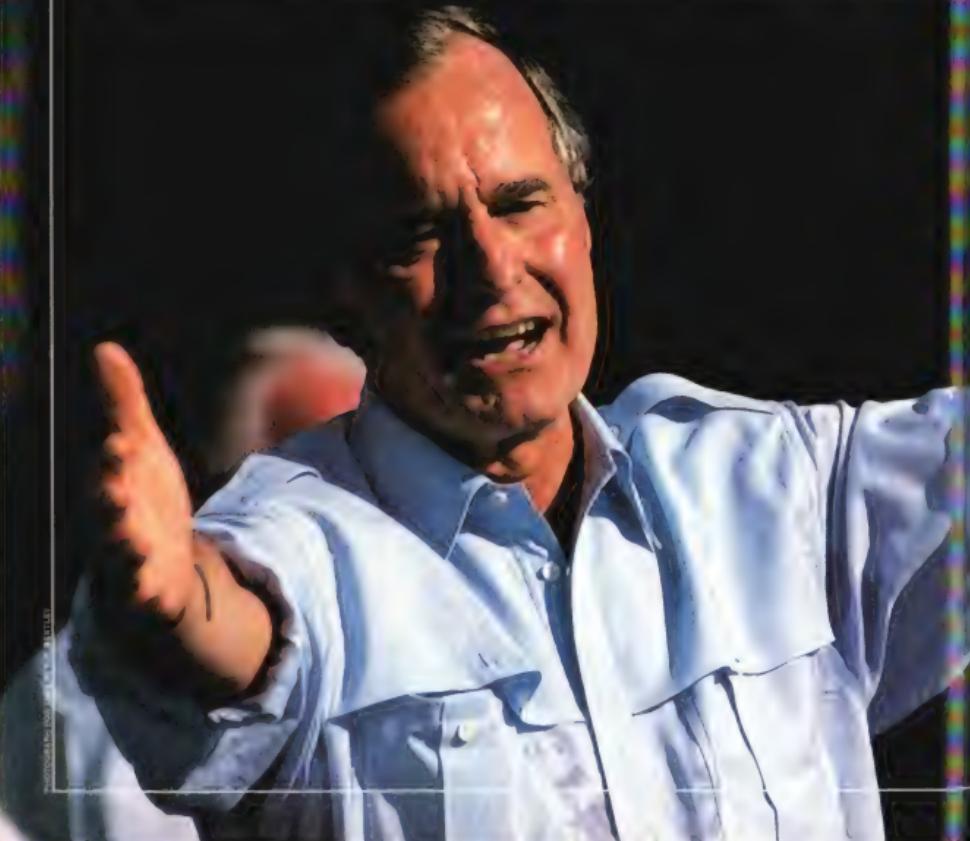
THE ELECTION

The résumé is now complete. That elusive last line can be typed in: George Herbert Walker Bush, 41st President of the United States. For nearly a quarter-century in public life, Bush has upheld the old-line patrician virtues of duty, service, loyalty and self-effacement. These qualities served him well as he clambered up the ladder of achievement. But on a cloudy Tuesday night in November, uplifted by the votes of more than 46 million Americans, Bush was elevated onto a higher plane. The years in the shadows, the natural deference to others, the small humiliations of a perpetual office seeker are all behind him. As President, as that man at the big desk in the Oval Office, Bush will now have to articulate to what ends he plans to harness that ambition. For as Bush said, contemplating the sober weight of his

overwhelming victory, "There's lots of work to do."

The next President has always resisted definition. His career has been marked by ideological gyrations. His often tangled syntax sometimes suggests a lack of inner clarity. One of the rare glimpses of the "quiet man" beneath the political veneer came in his soaring address to the Republican Convention. But rather than continuing the process of self-definition, Bush in the fall campaign relied on angry scripts, as he launched a fusillade of demeaning attacks against the hapless Michael Dukakis. Was this red-meat rhetoric reflective of the real George Bush? On election night, Bush offered the broad hint that it was all a ruse. "When I said I want a kinder, gentler nation," he declared, "I meant it. And I mean it."

But some campaign tactics, however successful,



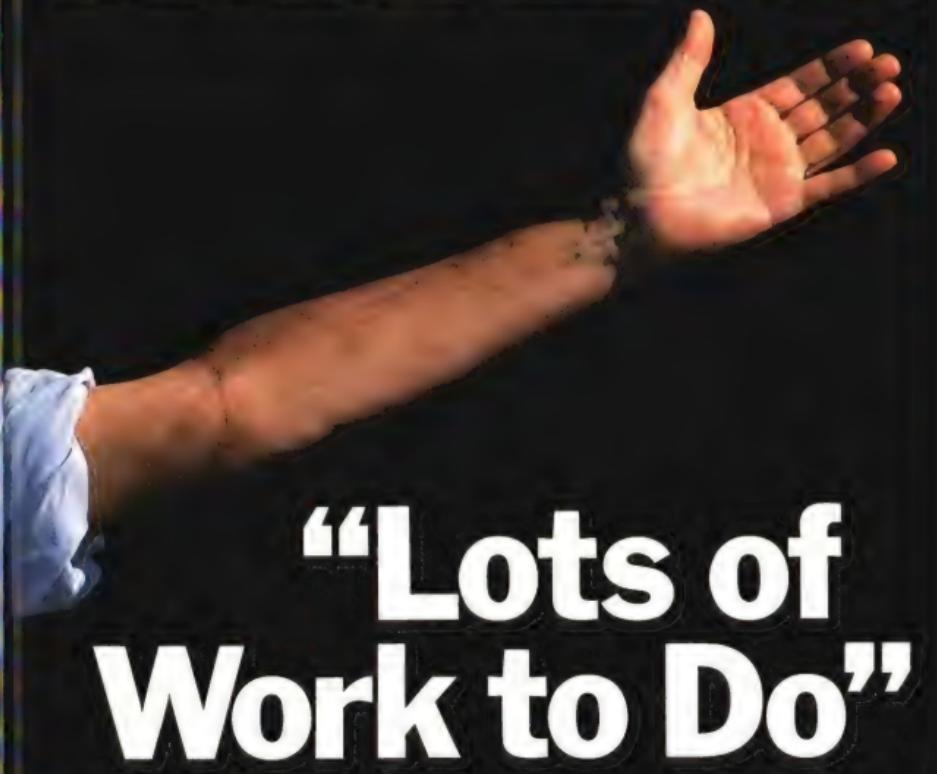


exact a price. For Bush it was a victory without drum rolls, a majority without a meaningful mandate. The single-hued certainty of the TV tote boards left no ambiguity as to the verdict. Once again the American people had chosen a Republican President before much of the nation had even digested dinner. Yet on this 200th anniversary of the election of George Washington, there was a palpable hesitancy as America cast its votes. Rather than ratifying the Reagan realignment, a nation of ticket splitters strengthened Democratic control of Congress. The result, whether conscious or not, is certain to exacerbate the deadlock of democracy over the deficit. By producing a Republican President pledged to resisting new taxes and a Democratic Congress adamant about safeguarding Social Security and Medicare, the sad legacy of Cam-

paign '88 appears to be another endorsement of short-term selfishness.

Democracy is an optimistic faith, and the choice of a new President cannot help inspiring a flicker of faith. The victorious Bush spoke to these dreams when he said, "A campaign is a disagreement, and disagreements divide. But an election is a decision, and decisions clear the way for harmony and peace." In an odd way, the dispiriting shallowness of the campaign had the virtue of leaving no lasting scars on the nation's psyche. Because there were no great disagreements on fundamental issues and no clashing visions of an American future, there are no deep divisions difficult to reconcile. The promise of a Bush Administration lies in the hope that the new President will soon inspire America to forget the manner in which he was elected.

By Walter Shapiro



"Lots of Work to Do"



● COVER STORIES

What to Expect

The outlook for the Bush years: Reaganism without ideology, persistence without brilliance—and serious trouble with Congress

BY DAVID BECKWITH

 George Bush's last and greatest mission has now been defined: he is charged with taking command of the Reagan Revolution, adjusting its course a bit, and guiding it safely into the 1990s.

After his victory on Tuesday, which as recently as this summer seemed beyond his grasp, the man who has spent most of his career as a supporting player now has the chance to put his name on an era. The beginning of the decade that will end the

century is destined to become known as the Bush years. The new President enters office with no clear mandate for imposing the tough solutions that will be necessary to tackle the nation's festering budget crisis. Nor has he propounded a vision for fin-de-siècle America or for a world that is moving beyond the cold war. Nevertheless, he won the 1988 election with a toughness that surprised even his friends, and now he faces the opportunity and the challenge of serving as the nation's 41st President.

Following Ronald Reagan would present a daunting challenge to a recognized

political giant, and Bush is certainly not that. Although he exceeded expectations yet again with his victory this week, Bush continues to be underestimated. He did not really win, the arguments go: he merely accepted the fruits of an inept Democratic campaign. Alternatively, it will be said that any Republican would have prevailed given the health of the economy. And then there is the argument that his artful handlers tricked the gullible voters with phony issues like crime and patriotism. Public resentment over that chicanery will soon overtake him. Congress will aggravate the hangover, making Bush

The victor: Bush, with Barbara, promised "when I said I want a kinder, gentler nation, I meant it"

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY RICE



THE ELECTION

pay dearly for his negative campaign.

These lines of reasoning have so lowered expectations for the Bush presidency that some Washington insiders are predicting the briefest honeymoon in history, a gridlock of indecision, even the inevitability of a one-term presidency. In short, President-elect Bush appears perfectly positioned to exceed expectations yet again.

Most Administrations enter office promising a raft of new faces and a basketful of policy initiatives. As the first sitting Vice President to be elected since Martin Van Buren succeeded Andrew Jackson, Bush offers mostly continuity. His campaign produced enough new ideas to fill a 347-page campaign booklet. But the proposals, with the notable exception of a few tax-cutting ideas, were created more in response to political pressures than out of personal convictions.

George Bush does not have a deeply held personal agenda. He has few strong ideological or intellectual beliefs at all, other than a basic decency, patriotism and desire for people to be accommodating. A stark example: Bush was torn this fall when Congress debated a federal require-

ment that there be a seven-day waiting period before someone could purchase a handgun, a provision supported by many law-enforcement officials. "I wish the police chiefs and the gun owners could figure out a compromise," he lamented in an off moment. "I'm for both sides."

Nor does Bush have a keen intellect or a mind that is adept at placing events and challenges within a conceptual framework. He is smart and dogged in sifting through information, but he has never been known for imaginative ideas, probing insights or creative brilliance. Forty years ago, as he walked with a friend across the Yale campus to be inducted into Phi Beta Kappa, Bush volunteered that he was not a real intellectual. He prides himself on being a practical man, a problem solver, a bit of an overachiever. Some friends say his most notable trait is his persistence. He had been running for President for 20 years.

Intellectual brilliance, of course, is hardly a requirement in politics. Nixon and Carter were among the most intelligent of modern Presidents, and Reagan the least. Dukakis demonstrated that a brainy cam-

paign run by the best and brightest minds is capable of badly misreading the issues that matter to Americans.

Bush's greatest political strength is his fascination with people. He quizzes casual acquaintances about their families and interests, and seems interested in their replies. He stays in regular touch with so many friends that two aides are occupied nearly full-time monitoring their advice and greetings. As President, he will not hole up, Nixon-style, and lose touch with the outside world.

But Bush's sociable and humane instinct has a flip side: he often receives conflicting advice and he hates to disappoint friends. This can cause him to be indecisive and tentative in asserting his views, a trait that is exacerbated by his inherent cautious nature and his lack of ideological commitments.

The President-elect has also been excessively loyal to associates who outlive their political usefulness. A case in point is Don Gregg, his national-security adviser, whom Bush declined to fire when he became enmeshed in allegations about illegal aid to the *contras*. During the cam-

The vanquished: Dukakis, with Kitty, tells supporters, "I don't want you to be discouraged!"

STEVE LIPKIN





Question time: Quayle speaks to children before voting in Indiana

After a shaky start, will he grow in the job?

puign Bush stoutly defended a host of controversial Administration figures—Ray Donovan, Robert Bork, Oliver North, Ed Meese, Don Regan, John Poindexter. It may have been sound politics, but it hints that Bush may be no better than Reagan at firing people.

Finally, Bush tends to lose concentration at times when he cannot be convinced his attention is required. Aides say that trait explains such "abnormalities" as his shockingly inert role in the *Iran-contra* affair. It also accounts, they say, for the marked improvement in his speaking style between the middle primaries, when Bush was not fully involved in political theater, and the postconvention period, when he appreciated that the stakes were high.

What this all means is that Bush needs to be handled. He will be far more engaged and active than the passive Reagan, who was content to let others control details under his broad guidelines. Bush awakens early, starts working and reading almost immediately, and generates a prodigious number of memos, questions and ideas. But he requires strong staffers whom he trusts and who can help shape his agenda for him.

After seeing aides take credit for much of Reagan's success, however, Bush is determined not to be similarly emasculated in his presidency—even if some of the key offenders are now moving into his own Administration. In recent weeks, Bush has become increasingly frustrated by stories that portrayed every campaign success as a product of his handlers' acuity. Bush's eldest son, George W., was installed in a central office at campaign head-



Grace under pressure: Bush on campaign plane during the final hours

Re-elected to the Senate, he returns to Washington with new stature.

quarters in part to keep a watchful eye on Bush's effective, but self-congratulatory, hired guns. At least two key aides believe Dan Quayle will be Vice President because Bush insisted on making the choice totally on his own so that his staffers could not claim they selected, engineered or vetoed any candidates themselves. The result of that preoccupation was that Bush operated in total secrecy, and it led to a near disaster.

Bush will have trusted confidants in top Cabinet positions, including James Baker at State and probably Nicholas Brady at Treasury. As in most recent Administrations, the key appointment will be the White House chief of staff. Craig

Fuller, 37, Bush's vice-presidential chief of staff, performed nearly flawlessly at Bush's side during the campaign, demonstrating a surefootedness and seasoning that belies his age. But Bush has repeatedly promised new faces. If he opts for a fresh look, New Hampshire Governor John Sununu could supervise the White House staff.

As the Quayle selection underscores, Bush values loyalty more than brilliance. He is not comfortable with either ideologues or intellectuals, preferring the company of achievers like himself, many of them from the business world. Dole or Kemp would have challenged Bush, causing him constant worry, while Quayle promised to be a team player, a trustworthy subordinate, as Bush was to Reagan. Similarly, Bush may consult strong-willed and brilliant people such as Jeane Kirkpatrick and Henry Kissinger, but they will not have key roles in the Bush Administration.

Managing the human aspect of the Reagan continuity looms as one of Bush's earliest problems. Many Reagan appointees want to move up in the new Administration. Yet Bush has more personal friends and acquaintances than any other political figure in recent memory, and members of his well-tuned campaign staff understandably expect good government jobs. How Bush resolves the O'Hare-style gridlock over appointments will be an early test of his administrative skills.

More important, to avoid serious problems later, this next President will have to move quickly to make peace with Congress. Enormous budget problems, escalating constantly, promise to bedevil Bush each

Starting with a Clean Slate

In George Bush's unsuccessful race for the Senate in 1964, he came out strongly against the law that desegregated hotels and restaurants. Later he said he regretted some of the positions he had taken.

In 1973, at the height of Watergate, Bush was a leading defender of Richard Nixon, saying, "I have absolutely total confidence as to his integrity." His performance bore out a judgment that Nixon had made, and H.R. Haldeman recorded: "He'd do anything for the cause."

In 1981, during a trip to the Philippines, Bush reassured President Ferdinand Marcos that "we love your adherence to democratic principles." When the *Iran-contra* scandal broke, Bush said he was unaware of any diversion of funds or any ransom payments, even though he had attended at least a dozen meetings on the subject. This year he allowed his supporters to wage a campaign with distinctly racist overtones, while affirming that he wanted a "kinder, gentler nation."

Politically expedient and eventually embarrassing actions have characterized the careers of politicians in both major parties. Yet for the true leaders in America's history, there has always come a time when it was necessary to choose the unpopular or risky course, to state it frankly, and to see it through. George Bush, when confronted by tough choices in public life, has shown a disquieting preference for the easy and ingratiating position. Now he will be President. The nation has given him a clean slate.



year. The first major stylistic difference between Reagan and Bush will probably be evident in relations with Capitol Hill. While Reagan happily took on the Democrats, trying to eke out progress via confrontation, Bush prefers conciliation. Some Bush insiders predict a major outreach to congressional leaders almost immediately, an attempt to establish an era of good feelings with a bipartisan consensus on a problem posing a serious threat to the country.

It will not be easy. Candidate Bush boxed himself in by ruling out new taxes, Social Security cuts and any weakening of defense. To even approach his balanced-budget intentions by the end of his first term, President Bush will need good luck, continued economic growth, and plenty of help from a cooperative Congress. But some Democratic leaders, even while liking Bush personally, are determined to assert their own agenda in the face of what they sense to be a weaker personality moving into the White House. Bush may get little help, even a bit of sabotage, from his own party's Senate minority leader, Robert Dole.

Nevertheless, a Bush peace initiative would have a chance. His stump speech avoided personal attacks on Hill leaders. When Dukakis started scoring heavily on Ed Meese and sleaze, Bush countered with a call for an investigation of House Majority Leader Jim Wright, but quickly dropped the matter after Meese resigned. Similarly, even while his old Texas friend Lloyd Bentsen was attacking him daily on the stump, often in intimate terms, Bush avoided even a single personal criticism of the powerful Senate Finance Committee chairman throughout the entire campaign.

To the discomfort of conservative hard-liners, budget compromise appears inevitable. The Pentagon will need \$475 billion in added spending over the next five years merely to finish projects started under Reagan, and that doesn't include various expensive weapons—the Stealth bomber, *Seawolf* submarine, D5 Trident missile—soon to be out of development and ready for production. Bailing out faltering

savings and loan companies and updating antiquated nuclear-production plans may require \$70 billion more in new funding. Bush himself, by James Baker's count, has proposed \$40 billion in additional spending for new domestic initiatives, including more than \$6 billion in oil and capital-gains tax breaks. Upward pressure on the deficit will be inexorable. A combination of new user fees, tax-rate adjustments and other masking devices is the likely route Bush will take around his no-new-tax campaign pledge. Richard Darman's first job if he becomes Office of Management and Budget Director will be to dream up a fresh euphemism for tax increases to replace the "revenue enhancers" of the early Reagan days.

Bush will face a far easier road in foreign affairs. With the exception of a deteriorating situation in Central America, the world map could hardly look friendlier. The Soviets appear eager to ease tensions, improve trade, talk arms control and relieve pressure on their disastrous domestic economy. Bush says he has

learned the value of a hard-line, waiting approach from Reagan. He will be more eager than Reagan to exploit the new foreign policy trends in the Soviet Union, though he will be extremely cautious about destabilizing Eastern Europe and prompting a Soviet crackdown.

Of his recent foreign policy experiences, Bush is proudest of his role in encouraging U.S. allies in Western Europe to deploy Pershing missiles, a move that paved the way for this year's INF treaty, and of encouraging liberalization in Poland during his 1987 visit there. Conditions appear promising for still more progress in both arms control and liberty in Eastern Europe. If nothing goes badly wrong, Bush may have the good fortune to preside over major advances in human rights and reduction of conventional forces, chemical weapons and strategic arms.

With his wealth of experience, President Bush can be expected to manage the waning of the cold war with competence, if not brilliance. But despite his concern for foreign affairs, he has shown little interest in policy conceptualization or long-term strategy. Unlike Gorbachev, he does not seem to have wrestled with the question of power relationships in the world when the cold war is no longer the determining factor. As Gorbachev prepares for a world dominated by not only the two superpowers but also Japan, China and a consolidated Europe, Bush still seems focused on the U.S. role in countering the Soviets in regional conflicts.

Much of what was learned about Bush this year, as he emerged from self-imposed obscurity, is positive. His vice-presidential staff was not widely respected. Yet when quality became important, he showed he could locate and attract effective aides: his campaign apparatus was stocked with first-class talent. As the public became better acquainted with his personality and his sense of humor, they grew to like it, even viewing fondly his tendency toward malapropisms and scrambled syntax. In the end, despite talk of scripted events and control by handlers, the public got to know Bush and liked what it saw.

A Checklist of Promises

During his long quest for the White House, George Bush made these pledges:

- No new taxes.**
- Balance the federal budget in five years without raising income-tax rates or cutting Social Security benefits, defense outlays or agriculture subsidies.**
- Reduce the tax rate on capital gains from its current maximum of 33% to 15%.**
- Create 30 million jobs in the next eight years.**
- Create tax-free savings programs to help people pay for education, home purchases or starting a business.**
- Provide low-income families with small children a tax credit that can be used to subsidize day care.**
- Appoint Dan Quayle to head the war on drugs.**
- Place MX missiles on railroad cars.**
- Develop the mobile Midgetman missile.**
- Win a reduction in Soviet conventional forces in Europe before agreeing to major cuts in U.S. nuclear weapons.**
- Increase federal funding of the Head Start program for preschool children.**
- Distribute \$50 million among the states for innovative programs in education.**
- Expand the National Park system.**
- Double the number of federal prison cells by the end of his first term.**

The Next Inner Circle



James A. Baker III, 58

His job: Secretary of State

Background: Houston lawyer, Bush campaign chairman in four elections, Reagan's first chief of staff, then Treasury Secretary.

Prognosis: Because of his intimacy with Bush, Baker is expected to be as powerful as any Secretary of State. In a crisis, public relations or substantive, Baker will take charge.



Nicholas Brady, 58

Likely job: Secretary of the Treasury

Background: Longtime Bush friend, U.S. Senator from New Jersey, chief executive of an investment banking firm, succeeded Baker as Treasury Secretary.

Prognosis: Respected in Congress, Brady is a pragmatist who will be a major asset in budget negotiations.



Richard Darman, 45

Likely job: Budget Director

Background: Protégé of Elliot Richardson, staff secretary to Reagan, a key aide and confidant to James Baker, Deputy Treasury Secretary, now an investment banker.

Prognosis: A brilliant and image-conscious idea man, Darman will ride herd on budget cutting and spending priorities.



John Sununu, 49

Likely job: Secretary of Commerce, possible chief of staff.

Background: Engineer with a doctorate from M.I.T., New Hampshire Governor who saved Bush in his home-state primary and later served as toughest anti-Dukakis surrogate.

Prognosis: Sununu will be one of the new faces Bush promised, a comfort to conservatives.



Craig Fuller, 37

Likely job: Chief of staff

Background: Intern in Reagan's California Governor's office, executive in Michael Deaver's p.r. firm, Cabinet coordinator in Reagan's first term, Bush chief of staff since 1985.

Prognosis: Always at Bush's side for two years, Fuller is an unflappable, disciplined Washington insider with excellent political instincts.

Reagan, the consummate professional actor, played his presidential part with unwavering thespian skill, always on stage and in character. But Bush is clearly uncomfortable, even a bit sheepish, in the role of national figurehead. He cannot resist making fun of the process, tipping how silly he thinks it sometimes is, giving away the game. "Dukakis is an excellent debater," he declared seriously in early September, adding, "I'm lowering expectations here." At the debate, he started a response by saying, "Is this the time we unleash our one-liners?" When seated at a Pennsylvania G.O.P. phone bank for the benefit of photographers, Bush advised a startled callee that he was "just doing a little show-biz phoning here."

On one level this self-conscious perspective is reassuring. It demonstrates an ongoing sense of humor and a firm grasp of reality. But the trait also raises troubling questions. If Bush does not really believe in the role he has assumed, can public confidence in his leadership be nurtured? Will Bush's goof-prone speaking style continue to wear well, generating affection and sympathy, even in times of crisis? Or will his occasional verbal lapses accumulate and erode confidence in his abilities, much as Gerald Ford's stumbles and head bumps gradually gave him a bungler's image?

Equally important is Bush's relationship with the press. The President-elect is notoriously thin-skinned about criticism: he owns what CBS correspondent Eric Engberg calls "the biggest rabbit ears in the business." At the urging of his advisers, Bush gradually cut off press access during his campaign. The reporters responded by becoming first obnoxious, then surly and irritable. Reagan could get away with slighting the press, but it will be harder for Bush. He lacks the Teflon that Reagan generated with his avuncular, good-hearted manner. If Bush allows criticism to drive him into a beleaguered posture, as it did during the 1984 campaign, he and the media will have a long four years indeed.

At various stages in his career, the President-elect has shown different faces to the world, prompting some observers to wonder just which George Bush will show up for the Inauguration: The moderate, traditional Republican who ran in 1980, or the right-tilting conservative on the stump this year? The George-the-Ripper hardballer who upset an overconfident Dole and Dukakis, or the kinder, gentler George who claims to be haunted by hungry children? The answer, of course, is a bit of each. Bush will be determined to do whatever it takes to complete the mission. ■



De Beers

*F*or all of life's celebrations, in all of love's languages, only a diamond is forever.



Color It Republican

Reaping the credit for peace and prosperity, Bush holds most of Reagan's key voting blocs—and even overcomes the gender gap

As the votes rolled in on Tuesday evening and the networks' maps took on overwhelmingly Republican colors, it was clear that George Bush was on his way to a decisive victory. His mini-landslide seemed an only slightly diluted version of the two previous Republican triumphs, just as Bush's philosophy seemed an only slightly diluted version of Ronald Reagan's. The triumph was a personal validation for Bush, who had managed during the 1988 campaign to transform his gawky and lackluster image into a warm persona that voters found comfortable. It was also an expression of general contentment with the nation's current patina of prosperity and peace and with the Republican Party, which has ruled the White House for 16 of the past 20 years.

Unlike the Reagan triumphs of 1980 and '84, however, Bush's win represented no endorsement of a specific set of policies. Nor was there any consolidation of the fundamental realignment in party loyalties that had seemed possible after Reagan's successes. Instead, Bush was a split-ticket victory won by a candidate who raised many peripheral issues but neither sought nor received a mandate to make the tough choices necessary to rescue the nation from its mountain of debt.

As a result, the buoyant sense of new possibilities for the nation that is supposed to accompany a landslide was all but absent. Even the victor, standing before cheering supporters in Houston on election night, seemed mildly subdued after winning the office he has coveted all his political life. "To those who supported me, I will try to be worthy of your trust," he said. "And to those that did not, I will try to earn it, and my hand is out to you, and I want to be your President too."

Bush's victory was national in scope: he won 54% of the popular vote, which translated into a likely 426 electoral votes of a possible 538. He ran strongest in the

South and the Rocky Mountain states, two regions that have become a rock-solid electoral base for Republicans. In addition, he held on to some of Reagan's key voting blocs, running even with Dukakis among the middle class, winning the majority of independents and most baby boomers. But Bush was hurt by the gender gap: Dukakis won 52% of the votes cast by women, in contrast to 47% for Bush.

It was the first time a sitting Vice President has been promoted by the electorate since Martin Van Buren succeeded his mentor, Andrew Jackson, in 1836. It was also the first time since 1928 that vot-

ers granted the issue. The Massachusetts Governor, mistakenly thinking that in the wake of the Iran-contra affair the nation would want an efficient manager to take over as chief operating officer, had declared at the Democratic Convention in July that the election would turn on competence rather than ideology. Bush's campaign leaped on that assertion, correctly proclaiming that any presidential election is inevitably a choice involving values and ideology. Last spring Bush began to paint, in a very forceful and quite misleading way, the technocratic Dukakis as a Democratic throwback to the discredited liberalism of the 1960s. By the end of the Republican Convention, Bush had built a solid lead in the polls that he protected with a carefully choreographed campaign.

In accomplishing this, Bush set a tone that was both negative and trivial. His main issues were odd little matters that would have been dismissed as irrelevant except that Bush was able to make them symbols for larger doubts about Dukakis. In addition, 1988 became the year of the handlers. Reagan had elevated the importance of public relations and image manipulation. This year the effort to control the image-makers transformed the way campaigns are conducted: instead of carrying a message

directly to voters, the Bush campaign (eventually imitated by the Dukakis camp) sought to produce simple and substanceless sound bites that would convey the right signal during the network news shows.

As the loser in a race that neither candidate seemed to deserve to win, Dukakis was characteristically stoic during his concession speech in Boston. Aside from offering gracious congratulations to Bush, Dukakis' address was largely a rehash of his standard stump speeches. Afterward Dukakis and his wife, Kitty, hurried from the stage without stopping to talk to reporters. The Governor's 85-year-old mother, Euterpe, however, when offered a



Moment of decision: a child waits while her mother votes in Michigan
At campaign's end, a choice between two imperfect candidates.

ers granted the Republican Party a third consecutive term in the White House. But to the Republicans' chagrin, this year also marked the first time since 1960 that the party winning the presidential race lost ground in Congress. Because Bush's campaign was largely lacking in substantive issues, it did not help propel like-minded Republicans into office with him. The G.O.P. could lose two spots in the Senate, giving the Democrats a majority of 56, and a handful of seats in the House, giving the Democrats a majority of 26.

Throughout the fall campaign, the issue was not Bush or his record or his plans for the future. Instead, the Vice President and his handlers were able to make Dukak-



THE ELECTION

State by State

Pennsylvania Bush initially planned to cede the state's 25 electoral votes to the Democrats. But he changed his mind when Dukakis failed to ignite support among inner-city blacks and in economically troubled western Pennsylvania. Stressing abortion and gun control, the Republicans countered Democratic strength in urban areas like Philadelphia and Pittsburgh by sweeping the state's rural center.

Ohio When Dukakis disappointed Ohioans by telling them Senator John Glenn would make a terrific Vice President and then picking Lloyd Bentsen, the G.O.P. saw a chance to capture the Democratic stronghold's 23 electoral votes. Terming their strategy "carpet bombing," the Republicans saturated Ohio with aggressive ads.

Michigan Despite Dukakis' last-minute push, Bush easily captured Michigan's 20 electoral votes. In a state hit by a clutch of plant closings, Bush carried the day in vote-heavy areas like the working-class suburbs around Detroit.

Though Dukakis won 87% of Detroit's black votes, the minority turnout was less than in 1984.

The South Once considered hospitable to Democrats, the eleven states of the old Confederacy and their 138 electoral votes (more than half the required 270) easily fell to Bush. Dukakis made serious runs in Arkansas and Louisiana, but campaign attacks on the Massachusetts Governor over crime and gun control gave Bush



Bush 426 Dukakis 112 Electoral votes



TIME Map
by Roger Holmes

a clean sweep, from Virginia to Florida.

Texas In selecting Bentsen, Dukakis set his sights on the state's 29 electoral votes; no Democrat has gone to the White House in this century without taking Texas. Democrats in East Texas turned out in droves, but Dukakis did not capture enough Hispanic votes in the south to counter Republican strength elsewhere in the state, and sometime native son Bush prevailed. Texans had it both ways: they re-elected Bentsen to the Senate

by an overwhelming margin and were still able to help put another Texan in the White House.

California Dukakis hoped to become the first Democrat to capture California's 47 electoral votes since Lyndon Johnson in 1964. But Bush, helped by a last-minute visit by the state's favorite son, Ronald Reagan, won narrowly. The Democrats waged an old-fashioned grass-roots campaign using thousands of precinct operators—but it just was not enough.

microphone, stated angrily. "We have not compromised our honor."

When Bush launched his attack strategy in August, Dukakis let the Vice President's charges go unanswered. Confident that the once hapless Vice President would eventually self-destruct, Dukakis stuck to the bland themes and rhetoric—typified by his campaign mantra, "good jobs at good wages"—that had carried him through the primaries. Voters who knew little about Dukakis' record in Massachusetts readily believed what Bush had to say about him. By September the 18-point lead that Dukakis held over Bush in midsummer had disappeared. Says G.O.P. strategist Lance Tarrance: "This election was probably won by Labor Day."

Perhaps. But what maddens Democrats is that Dukakis could probably have recovered had he reacted more quickly

and more vigorously to Bush's assault. In the final weeks of his campaign, Dukakis executed a shift in strategy that nearly rescued his moribund candidacy. He finally responded to Bush's distortions of his record and successfully made an issue of the Republicans' negative tactics. He countered Bush's talk about values with a powerful message of economic populism. He learned to hit Bush where he was most vulnerable, condemning the patrician Vice President as an enemy of the middle class. "I'm on your side," Dukakis said in one stump speech after another until he went hoarse.

Dukakis also broke out of the message-of-the-day campaign style that his handlers had adopted from Bush's. While Bush continued to avoid spontaneous encounters with the press and the public, Dukakis began behaving the way presi-

dential candidates used to before they became obsessed with the value of TV sound bites. Instead of worrying about whether he would step on some carefully crafted line-of-the-day, he began crisscrossing the country to take his crusade directly to as many voters as possible. With a sharper speech and rolled-up sleeves, he began invigorating crowds and generating an enthusiasm that showed the importance of shallow nightly news coverage had been overrated. His new vitality, along with his populist message, translated into a modest boost in the polls, giving the campaign hope that he might pull off a real Massachusetts miracle. By the final weekend of the campaign, Dukakis had closed to within about 4 points of Bush.

During a manic last burst of campaigning, the candidate traveled nonstop 8,500 miles in 53 hours, sleeping on the

lumpy couch of his campaign plane, accompanied by an assortment of celebrities. Focusing on the most encouraging polls, staffers chanted, "Surge, surge, surge!" As Dukakis invoked Harry Truman at every campaign rally he attended, his aides began to hope for a miracle. "The odds are long," said one staffer, "but we have to play them."

Dukakis' late rally—as well as his victory in ten states—somehow made his loss all the harder for Democrats to take. Had the Governor been the victim of a Monday-style blowout, Democrats could have shrugged their shoulders and said that nothing could have staved off defeat. But by Tuesday night, the eleventh-hour comeback bid had led to disillusioned what-if scenarios and bitter finger point-

ing among party strategists, and a general exasperation with a candidate who might have won if he had only got his act together sooner.

With Dukakis struggling to pull off an upset in the campaign's closing days, Bush suddenly found himself on the defensive. His ads damning the Governor had become one of the prickly issues of the campaign. Polls showed that some undecided voters were moving toward Dukakis out of disgust with Bush's negative campaigning. In an angry speech in California, Bush accused Dukakis of "whining" and quoted Truman's line about how those who cannot stand the heat should get out of the kitchen. He

also charged that the Democrats initiated the nastiness when they mocked him with taunts of "Where was George?" at their "idiotic" national convention last summer.

The Bush campaign was terrified of making a mistake that might doom the election in the home stretch. Bush's running mate, Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana, was kept virtually out of sight, consigned almost exclusively to small, solidly Republican Southern and Midwestern towns, where he spoke before audiences largely made up of high school students too young to vote. In the 30-minute Bush campaign commercial that aired Monday night, Quayle's name was never mentioned.

By the morning of Election Day, the

The Building Blocs of Victory

Fending off Michael Dukakis' belated counterattack, George Bush evoked Harry Truman's name almost as often as Ronald Reagan's. Bush was hardly coy about his reason. "My pitch here in the last days," he said in Louisville, "is to those good Democrats, the rank and file, the Silent Majority. There is a presidential candidate this year representing your vision of America."

That appeal worked just well enough to boost Bush to a respectable majority, although Dukakis did better than expected among Democrats who had voted for Ronald Reagan in 1984. According to the NBC-*Wall Street Journal* Election Day poll, Bush captured just 41% of that critical bloc. Voters who decided late, many of them Reagan Democrats, broke in favor of Dukakis. Outside the South, this group is heavily Roman Catholic. One of the few Democratic consolations this week was that Dukakis had eked out a narrow majority (52% vs. 48%) among Catholics, who were once a pillar of the party's coalition. Four years ago Reagan won 56% of the Catholic vote. Blacks went overwhelmingly for Dukakis, 9 to 1, roughly the same proportion as four years ago.

As Lloyd Bentsen might have put it, Bush was no Reagan in terms of vacuuming up demographic groups. In the last presidential election, voters in union households tilted only slightly toward the Democratic ticket, 53% to 47%. This year they went 59% for Dukakis. Independents leaned heavily toward Bush, 58% to 42%, but last time Reagan captured 68% of them. Reagan in 1984 seemed to lock up the political future for his party by corralling a solid 59% of voters between 18 and 24 years old. This week Dukakis carried that youngest set, 51% to 49%. The next age group, those between

25 and 34, went for Bush by a margin of 4 points.

The gender gap still yawns, though slightly less so this year. Men voted for Bush by a margin of 10 points, compared with 28 points for Reagan in 1984. Women went for Dukakis by 4 points, while four years ago they supported Reagan by 10 points. The fact that women outnumber men in the electorate helped keep Bush's overall majority of the popular vote to less than half of Reagan's 18-point margin in 1984.

The most impressive element of Bush's victory was its geographic sweep. To his solid base in the South, he added much of the Middle West, parts of the Northeast, the Mountain States and California. Though the G.O.P. carried several large states by thin margins, Bush demonstrated that there is still considerable strength in the theory of a "Republican lock" on the Electoral College. For a generation Republican presidential candidates have enjoyed an advantage in the distribution of electoral votes, and Bush exploited that benefit.

Does Bush's victory—the fifth for a Republican in the past six elections—signal a durable partisan realignment in American politics? Not quite. The G.O.P. lost strength below the presidential level, and Bush failed to duplicate Reagan's attraction for some voting blocs. Some analysts view the result as a triumph of political technique rather than political philosophy. Says Andrew Kohut, president of the Gallup Organization: "The Bush people are a lot better at their jobs than the Dukakis people. I don't think the election tells us much about realignment." A successful Bush Administration could lead to another Republican triumph in 1992, however, and alter the face of American politics into the next century.

—By Laurence I. Barrett



Bush reaches out: cobbling a solid coalition victory

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here..."**

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Bush camp's confidence was replaced by a case of last-minute jitters. The Vice President's pollster, Robert Teeter, was horrified to learn that Bush's lead had shrunk to 4 points overnight. Early exit polls showed the candidates running neck and neck in several key states. Bush and his staff were getting edgy. At one point the Vice President's son Jeb yelled, only half in jest, at two senior aides, "For crying out loud, lighten up! Go have a drink or something, but stop worrying out loud."

Bush did not begin to rest easy until he learned that he had won Connecticut, Maine and Missouri, in addition to sweeping the South. At 10 p.m., Reagan phoned with his congratulations. Ten minutes later, Dukakis called to concede. Among the others calling with their congratulations:

Dukakis' running mate Lloyd Bentsen and Jesse Jackson.

Bentsen, who handily won re-election to his Senate seat, will remain chairman of the Finance Committee and probably become a venerated figurehead and statesman of the Democratic Party. Jackson, who was gracious in his round of network interviews but clearly believes his more forceful populism would have been better for the party, has made it known that he plans to join the swarm of people likely to seek the Democratic nomination four years from now. And Dukakis, while not ruling out another run, will concentrate for the time being on winning re-election as Massachusetts Governor in 1990.

Bush, after a Houston press conference Wednesday morning, flew to Washington

to meet with Quayle and start planning the transition. On election night, he fulfilled a lifelong dream. But however grueling the process, becoming President is easy work compared with being President. Bush comes to power at an odd and troubled juncture in U.S. history, when a desire for cautious change and unhappiness over the decline in the nation's economic dominance coincide with a general satisfaction with the mixed prosperity of the Reagan era. Having proved he can win a rough-and-tumble election, Bush must now prove he can manage the nation's pent-up fiscal problems and set the stage for its entrance into the 21st century. —By Jacob V. Lamar.

Reported by Laurence L. Barrett/Washington, David Beckwith and Dan Goodgame with Bush and Michael Riley with Dukakis

The Issues That Mattered

A visitor from another planet would surely have thought the presidential race was about prison furloughs, the death penalty for drug kingpins, mandatory Pledge of Allegiance and Dan Quayle's IQ. But on Election Day, these hot-button issues turned out to be largely irrelevant. Only 12% of the voters questioned by ABC News said that the Pledge, prison furloughs or Quayle were important to them; just 26% said they were concerned about the death penalty.

Still, the noise generated by these contentious nonissues may have kept voters from focusing on Michael Dukakis' talking points. Of the 40% who told NBC's *Wall Street Journal* pollsters the deficit should be the top priority of the next President, 57% went for Bush, even though he virtually ignored the deficit in his campaign and promised not to raise taxes. Of the 39% of voters who think a tax increase will be necessary to reduce the budget deficit, 42% voted for Bush anyway.

Among the 21% who considered drugs the most important campaign issue, the vote split evenly, despite Dukakis' efforts to tie Bush to the "drug-running Panamanian dictator" Manuel Noriega. The environment should have been a "gimme" for Dukakis, Gallup found, but Bush stole it by pointing to Boston's polluted harbor. Although Bush has a poor environmental record, he won 48% of the vote among the 72% who believed more money should be spent on the environment; at the same time, Bush won two-thirds of the voters who opposed new environmental spending.

Sixty percent of the voters in the ABC poll said defense spending should stay the same or be increased; not surprisingly, nearly 70% of this group went for Bush. Dukakis got



Bush and Shevardnadze: stressing strengths in foreign affairs

74% of the minority who think the Pentagon needs less money. Crime—sometimes a code word for race—was a winner for the Republicans. In a CBS/New York Times poll, 25% of Bush voters cited crime as a major reason for supporting him.

Of the five issues that were most important to voters surveyed by NBC, Dukakis made his case on just one: among the 21% who believed in continuing programs for the middle class, 64% voted for the Governor.

A general sense of well-being went a long way toward carrying the day for Bush. When asked about the future of the economy, 28% of those questioned by NBC said they thought it would be better, 16% said worse, and 48% said about the same. Dukakis won 73% of the small minority of pessimists, but Bush captured 61% of the optimists and 58% of the middle group. And Ronald Reagan had coattails: of the 53% who approved of the job the President is doing, 86% voted for Bush. The Vice President also got a tremendous boost from his resume. Those who counted experience as the most important factor in their choice backed Bush by an overwhelming majority, 94% to 6% in the ABC poll. ABC also found that voters rated Bush highly as being trustworthy and a strong leader.

But going negative had its cost. According to the Associated Press, 13% of the voters who backed Bush and 19% of those who favored Dukakis said they made their choice primarily out of dislike for the other candidate, a reminder of Henry Adams' warning that politics can be the systematic organization of hatreds. Without a clear sense of what the candidates stood for, many voters only knew what they did not want.

—By Margaret Carlson

Anatomy of a Disaster

If Dukakis is such a competent manager, why was his campaign so incompetent?

BY MICHAEL RILEY

 Just eleven days after the giddiness of Atlanta, a dozen political consultants met with top Dukakis staffers to discuss fall strategy at his headquarters in Boston. Brimming with the joy of a hefty lead over Bush, the aides listened as Stu Eizenstat, a former Jimmy Carter aide, warned them to beware cockiness. He handed them a memo: "How to Blow a 30-Point Lead," based on Carter's precipitate drop during the waning days of 1976. "There was a tendency to rest on what seemed like a big lead," Eizenstat told them. "You become complacent."

History might have made 1988 the Year of the Democrats. Feisty and united, they roared out of Atlanta with an 18-point lead. Driven to win, they dreamed of painting the East Room a dusty rose and replacing Nancy's china with simple stoneware. All that stood in their way was George Herbert Walker Bush, a wimp and a preppie, no more presidential than poor Pat Paulsen. But less than four months later, the sometimes goofy, malaprop-prone Republican devastated the Democrats. What went wrong?

Almost everything. Dukakis learned the wrong lessons from the primaries. His campaign lacked a strategic vision, and until the last days, it failed to deliver a compelling message. It never respected the power of sound bites and commercials. It gravely misjudged George Bush. Worst of all, it allowed Bush to define Dukakis without a fight. Despite errors by his aides, Dukakis must bear the brunt of the blame. The man who ran as a competent manager ran an incompetent campaign.

Seeds of this disaster were sown in the frozen earth of Iowa. Just before midnight on the night of the caucuses, after he barely scraped by in third place, Dukakis sat in his hotel suite munching on cold cuts. Most staffers had repaired to the crowded bar, leaving only a small coterie with the candidate, who had discarded his ever-present coat and tie. His wife, Kitty, exhausted from a sleepless night, had kicked her shoes off and yearned for bed. But top aides were troubled. They blasted Dukakis for failing to define himself. "Governor, you never gave the people of Iowa a chance to know who you are," an observer recalls saying. Then, in a harangue laced with expletives, they pleaded another point: "You've got to go negative on them." But Dukakis did not budge. "That's not why I'm running," he said.

As it turned out, his opponents bashed one another in New Hampshire, and Dukakis escaped unscathed. That success taught him a lesson, the wrong one: he would remain on the high road to the

Throughout the primaries, Dukakis talked incessantly of the marathon, a race that goes to the steady, not the swift. He knew that an even gait and a great fund raiser would allow him to outlast the six other dwarfs and survive the Democratic wars of attrition. But the general election was a war of collision, not attrition. Toward the end, a disoriented Dukakis admitted that he failed to realize that the primaries are nothing like the frenzied finale. The vaunted marathoner proved to be a man too late with his sprint.



Sasso

By the time Dukakis' savvy alter ego, left, returned to the campaign, the candidate had already made the fatal mistake of letting Bush define the issues.

verge of pointlessness, even months later as Bush methodically corroded his image and his lead. This high-minded approach was laudable, but Dukakis seemed not to understand the difference between going negative and adequately countering his opponent's scurrilous charges. The primaries also taught him to avoid saying anything of consequence. Bruce Babbitt talked about raising taxes, and he vanished. Richard Gephardt pounded protectionism, and he vanished too. Dukakis yammered on about partnerships and "good jobs at good wages," and he survived. This lesson too he carried into the general election, opting for bottomless bromides and hackneyed slogans.

In June, while the Bush forces were fine-tuning their fall strategy and testing attack lines, the Dukakis camp, nomination assured, worried about Jesse Jackson's reaction and the Veep selection. Distracted by these pressing events, campaign manager Susan Estrich, an intense Harvard law professor, failed to concoct a coordinated offensive and defensive plan for the fall. "Everybody knew what was coming on *Willie Horton* and the *Pledge*," said a consultant who provided advice at the time. But Dukakis and Estrich insisted on ignoring the mounting attacks. Instead of taking the fight to Bush, Dukakis spent precious days in distant corners of Massachusetts playing



Brountas

The candidate's old college chum had never chaired a national campaign



Estrich

Brilliant and intense, she failed to concoct an effective plan for countering Bush's attacks

Governor. He announced a \$200,000 local grant, visited an apple orchard, swore in a probate-court judge. He seemed strangely detached, almost fearful of taking the plunge. His staff was worried.

When Bush finally started firing away on Horton and on Dukakis' veto of a 1977 bill requiring teachers to lead the Pledge of Allegiance each day, Dukakis' "strategy of shrugging off attacks suddenly stopped looking presidential and started looking weak," says a top aide. Estrich dismissed the potency of patriotism as an issue. "If Bush thinks he's going to get anywhere with this Pledge stuff, he's crazy," she told an adviser. "We've got this Supreme Court decision." That was the problem. Months after Bush first raised the issue, Dukakis finally responded: "If the Vice President is saying he'd sign an unconstitutional bill, then in my judgment he's not fit to hold the office." This painted legalism betrayed the limits of his campaign. So many top staffers, as well as Dukakis, had suffered through Harvard Law School that an insider dubbed them "inefflectual intellectuals." The Charles River elitism underscored an insularity and parochialism that led to intense bellyaching about "Boston," the derisive epithet for headquarters voiced out in the states—or colonies, as some called them.

Dukakis spent the fall on the defensive rather than taking charge of the agenda. He entered the campaign a blank slate, and Bush scrawled all over him. Bush made liberal a dirty word, while Dukakis stupidly insisted that such a label was "meaningless." For John Sasso, the street-savvy alter ego of Dukakis who was rehabilitated on Labor Day weekend to take over the campaign, this single mistake spelled the end. "One of the rules of the business is somebody gets to fill up the cup," he explained. "If you want to be successful, you have to fill it up first."

Because the campaign had trouble de-

veloping an overall message, it failed to devise an advertising strategy. The so-called Future Group, the campaign's talented ad team, struggled through August without direction. Hundreds of scripts languished unmade, including several excoriating Bush. Meanwhile, internecine warfare broke out among the team's big egos. One adman even sought to purge Dukakis' closet of tacky ties and ill-fitting suits rather than focus on creating a national ad campaign.

When Sasso returned, he inherited this snake pit. He brought in an acquaintance, David D'Alessandro of the John Hancock insurance company, who had never run a political ad shop. In mid-September D'Alessandro arranged the Shoot-Out at the Ritz-Carlton, a demeaning screening of potential scripts. In a cavernous baroque banquet room, ad-makers flipped through their storyboards to impress the new team. It was an amateurish tryout that produced more bitterness than ads. Among those produced was a semicoherent series ridiculing Bush's handlers. Although they are certain to form the core of Kennedy School seminars for the next four years, they baffled viewers. "His people weren't ready for the big time," said former Dukakis adman Ken Swope of the operation. "They weren't ready for hardball."

The advertising fiasco fomented revolution in the colonies. Miffed state directors, dissatisfied with Boston's product, started making their own spots—and trading them with one another. Late one night at the Hyatt Regency in Columbus, media consultant Gerald Austin, Jesse Jackson's former campaign manager, slipped into the elevator, videocassette in hand, to air his commercials for Dukakis. Even after a long day, Dukakis insisted on screening them before they could run, just as he had approved every other spot the

campaign aired. An incredulous Austin shook his head at Dukakis' micromanagement. But one of the ads, a Japan-bashing spot featuring the Nipponese flag, helped close the gap in Ohio.

Even after Labor Day, when Sasso finally persuaded Dukakis to venture into the realm of neopolitism with powerful talk of the "middle-class squeeze" and "two-job prosperity," the Governor was wont to abandon the topic without warning. This message madness continued until the final weeks, when he seized on the theme "I'm on your side" and decided to ride the populist pony as far as it would go. Still, he could not master the chords of resentment that are a basic component of economic populism.

Twenty-one months ago, an unknown Michael Dukakis ventured into Iowa to tell voters there why he should be President. Today his answer remains inchoate. The failing of his candidacy has more to do with the candidate himself than with poor strategy, inept aides, stylized debates, TV commercials or even George Bush. Dukakis is a decent, rational, hard-working man, dedicated to public service and the common good. But he never understood the office he sought. The presidency requires a leader who can forge an emotional bond with the people and act as a vehicle for their aspirations. Dukakis is no dreamer. His visions run to high-speed trains from New York City to Boston, not spaceships to distant planets. Forever cerebral, he proved unable to reach into his gut to discover his emotions, the heartland of any political soul. For this cautious candidate, a man slow to anger and reluctant to laugh, the risk of exploration was too great. After nearly two years of campaigning, Dukakis remains essentially the same person as when he began. He has barely grown as a candidate. And growth is the least that Americans demand of a potential President. ■

Nine Key Moments

Every campaign is shaped by critical decisions that the public does not learn about until weeks, sometimes months, later. Here are some of the defining moments of the 1988 race and the people whose judgments helped determine the outcome.

1

Dole is on a roll, but a tough Bush ad called "Senator Straddle" trips him up in New Hampshire

He left Iowa for New Hampshire on the day of the caucuses, he knew he had been beaten in a state he had won eight years before. That night, in the Clarion Hotel dining room in Nashua, N.H., Bush had a somber supper with Barbara. Later, chief of staff Craig Fuller told him he had placed third, with Dole a cocky first and Pat Robertson a surprising second. "It's a humiliation," Bush said.

At a Manchester plant gate the next day, there was precious little flesh to press. More reporters hovered around him than workers. Bush seemed bewildered and out of place. At a high school, he blurted out, "I'm one of you"—an outright appropriation of Dole's Iowa slogan that appealed to working-class voters. At



Helicopters buzzed, limousines purred, and George Bush waved. But Iowans didn't care one bit for the imperial vice presidency. By the time

the end of the day, Bush retreated to Washington for clean laundry and fresh ideas.

Peggy Noonan, a former White House speechwriter and Reagan favorite, was driving with her mother from a supermarket in suburban Virginia when she heard a radio sound bite of Bush's "I'm one of you" quote. She felt her stomach sink. She called Fuller, who told her to be on Air Force Two the next afternoon for Bush's return to New Hampshire. Sitting next to Bush on the plane, she tried to make sense of what he was trying to say about himself. His hands fluttered near his chest, as if seeking his heart, and he said softly, "I guess we've got to get more of me out there." Working all night in her hotel room, Noonan cobbled together a stump speech that revealed a new Bush persona, later known as the "kinder, gentler" George. "Here I stand, warts and all," she wrote (attributing the phrase incorrectly to Abraham Lincoln).

"I don't always articulate, but I feel."

Meanwhile, media adviser Roger Ailes arrived with a tough anti-Dole ad titled "Senator Straddle." It showed a grim-faced Dole waffling on various issues, notably taxes. Campaign manager Lee Atwater was for it, but two other advisers, Nick Brady and Robert Mosbacher, demurred, noting that it violated Reagan's "eleventh commandment"—Thou shall speak no evil of a fellow Republican. At first, Bush sided with them.

But with only three days to go before the vote, Bush had little momentum. Dole had picked up Alexander Haig's endorsement. (When a Bush aide later read him a Haig quote saying "I did all the damage I could," Bush stared out a window and muttered, "That's sick.") That Saturday morning, Atwater told Bush he was dead even in the polls and that only the "Straddle" ad would put him over the top. Bush looked over at pollster Bob Teeter and said, "I thought you said I was 5 or 6 up!" Teeter shrugged. New Hampshire Governor John Sununu, Bush's state chairman, assured him the voters could handle the ad. Finally, Barbara Bush chimed in. "I don't see anything wrong with it." Bush decided he had no choice but to go with the ad.

The campaign immediately went into motion. Ailes called a friend in Boston and arranged for air time there. Sununu telephoned the Channel 9 station manager at his home in Manchester, and within hours, they had bought every available 30-second spot through Tuesday.

The Dole campaign was sitting tight. At a strategy session on the Wednesday before the primary, it was decided not to use negative ads. By Saturday, Richard Wirthlin's tracking polls showed Dole going from 5 points behind to 5 points ahead, and at one juncture Wirthlin referred to Dole as "Mr. President." The Dole campaign was unable to put together a new ad in time to get it on the air over the weekend. When they wanted to use an old ad, they were told that the air slots were already filled.

Bush won New Hampshire by 10 points. The timing of the "Straddle" ad was crucial. "It wasn't because we were geniuses or anything," Atwater said later. "It was just because the decision came so late that it worked out that way." ■



2

Dukakis comes to Koch seeking help, but luckily Hizzoner anoints Gore instead

After running a disappointing third in Iowa, Michael Dukakis had won New Hampshire, then captured Texas and Florida on Super Tuesday. His bland but upbeat style had outlasted all of his opponents except Al Gore and Jesse Jackson. New York State was the last hurdle: either Dukakis would win and eliminate Gore, or the nomination would be up for grabs. Dukakis decided he needed the endorsement of New York City Mayor Ed Koch.

When Mike and Kitty came calling at Gracie Mansion one night a week before the primary, Koch served his favorite chocolate-chip cookies—the same ones, he told them, that he had pressed on Mother Teresa. Dukakis talked with the mayor for 40 minutes. Koch was polite but distant. He asked about Jackson, and Dukakis responded with the usual boiler plate about disagreeing with Jackson on some issues but treating him with respect. Koch was not pleased. Only a week earlier Koch had, with his grating candor, said any Jew would be "crazy" to vote for Jackson. Just before the end of the discussion, Kitty interrupted: "Ed," she said, "if you want to go with a winner, you go with this guy."

Gore, during his low-profile session with Koch, played the charming tutorial student. He allowed that no matter whom Koch endorsed, he hoped they would remain friends. Koch smiled. That was precisely what he had once told former New York Governor Hugh Carey. Gore replied he knew that, having just read Koch's memoirs. Koch smiled again. A contrarian by nature, Koch surprised his advisers by choosing Gore.

Lucky for Dukakis. At the endorse-

ment ceremony, Koch spent less time praising Gore than attempting to bury Jackson. Standing like an uncomfortable visiting nephew at Koch's side, Gore was splattered by the flying mud. On primary day, he got only 10% of the vote, thus assuring Dukakis the nomination. ■



3

At a strategy summit in Maine, Bush reluctantly decides to accentuate the negative

Memorial Day weekend was scheduled to be the Bush campaign's holy synod, a meeting of all the chosen at Kennebunkport, Me. Things were not going well. Dukakis had a 10-to-12-point lead. Dukakis was gaining stature by beating Jackson week after week. Bush seemed like a gawky figure on the sidelines. Bush was still campaigning on the Reagan agenda. He felt an inability to assert himself until the convention, when



the torch would pass from Reagan to him.

The day before the weekend meetings began, Teeter arranged for a marketing company in Paramus, N.J., to put together two focus groups made up of people who described themselves as Democrats who had voted for Reagan, but were leaning toward Dukakis. Brady, Ailes, Atwater and Teeter peered through a two-way mirror at people who had been paid \$25 each to discuss the candidates.

The participants, it turned out, knew almost nothing about either candidate. Most thought Dukakis was a Governor, but only three of twelve in one group were aware he was from Massachusetts. Everyone knew Bush was Vice President, but that was about all.

The moderator began asking rhetorical questions: What if I told you that Dukakis vetoed a bill requiring schoolchildren to say the Pledge of Allegiance? Or that he was against the death penalty? Or that he gave weekend furloughs to first-degree murderers? "He's a liberal!" exclaimed one man at the table. "If those are really his positions," a woman added, "I'd have a hard time supporting him."

The aides were galvanized by the results of the Paramus focus group. While

no single issue swayed voters, the cumulative effect was devastating. Dukakis was a blank slate in voters' minds, and Bush had to be the first to write on it.

At Kennebunkport that weekend, the strategy took shape. Sununu held forth on Dukakis' weaknesses the furlough program, Boston Harbor overcrowded prisons. Bush adviser Richard Darman dubbed the Massachusetts Miracle the Massachusetts Miracle. The message was clear: Dukakis should be tarred with the "L" word.

But Bush was uncomfortable with that advice.

Conventional wisdom, he knew, suggested that a candidate's own positive qualities should be established before he attacked his opponent. On the final day of the long weekend, Fuller sketched two scenarios on a yellow legal pad. One outlined how Dukakis would be ahead by 20 points if the Vice President waited until after the Republican Convention to attack the Governor. The other showed how Bush could reduce Dukakis to a single-digit lead by the Republican Convention. "Let's get started," said Bush. ■



4

Dukakis flirts with others, but his heart leads him to Bentsen and the 29 electoral votes of Texas

In the midst of his very public auditioning of vice-presidential prospects, Dukakis traveled to Ohio. There he teased an excited audience as well as an overeager John Glenn when he said, "Wouldn't Senator Glenn make a great Vice President?" Glenn by then had abandoned any pretense at coyness: he wanted the job and let Dukakis fund raiser Bob Farmer know it.

But Dukakis, at his advisers' prodding, had decided his running mate should be from the South. That would echo John Kennedy's selection of Lyndon Johnson, and Dukakis had an almost mystical belief in the parallels between his campaign and that of 1960. Lloyd Bentsen would simply be a less obstreperous L.B.J.

By early July the list was down to Glenn, Bentsen, Gore and Congressman Lee Hamilton. Dukakis had reservations about Glenn, notably because he had been sloppy about paying off his campaign debt, and Hamilton was too reserved for the rough-and-tumble of a national campaign.

When Dukakis trekked to Texas, Bentsen took him aside and asked a favor: that he not repeat the remark made in Ohio. "Mike," he said, "don't do that to me." Bentsen had been burned by Walter Mondale, and he was still smarting. He wanted the nomination, but he would not jump through a hoop to get it.

Bentsen and Dukakis barely spoke. But Dukakis liked Bentsen and saw him as a statesman. Yet Dukakis worried about their differences on *contra* aid and defense spending. On Monday, July 11, Dukakis convened a meeting of top aides at his Brookline, Mass., home. The vote for Bentsen was unanimous.



At the last moment, Dukakis had a final twinge about Gore. The Tennessee's youth and personal force were appealing. Dukakis dismissed Gore's taunting remarks in New York as legitimate political sparring. But in the end, Dukakis went with maturity and Texas. ■

5

Jackson begs for a serious hearing and a real role in the campaign, but Dukakis stays aloof

Bentsen took him aside and asked a favor: that he not repeat the remark made in Ohio. "Mike," he said, "don't do that to me." Bentsen had been burned by Walter Mondale, and he was still smarting. He wanted the nomination, but he would not jump through a hoop to get it.

Jackson, in his own mind, had al-



"The coat you're wearing don't fit, Jesse!" The Rev. Cameron Alexander was fuming. An Atlanta preacher and long-time supporter, he had

gathered with other members of the Jackson Old Guard in Atlanta at the end of August for an old-fashioned gripe session about the faltering Dukakis-Jackson partnership. "When are you gonna blow up at him?" he asked.

Jackson, in his own mind, had al-

ready taken more than his fair share of slights. In early July there had been the dinner in Brookline when Dukakis served poached salmon but no meat-and-potatoes talk about the vice presidency. Then there was the Phone-Call-That-Never-Arrived after Bentsen was chosen. Nor did the relationship improve after the convention. When Dukakis visited Neshoba County, Miss., he neglected to mention the three civil rights workers slain there in 1964. Jackson deeply wanted a private meeting with Dukakis, but the Governor resisted. At one point Jackson told a friend, "They're afraid of me."

By the time of the late-August meeting in Atlanta, Jackson had been on the road campaigning for Dukakis for a month, but the two men had barely spoken since the convention. In the midst of the session, campaign chairman Paul Brountas telephoned Jackson. What was going on down there? Jesse explained that he felt frustrated because Dukakis was not consulting with him. "One of the problems," said Brountas, "is that you've never unequivocally endorsed the Governor."

Jackson was stunned. He could hardly believe what he had heard. Censured by his supporters for doing too much, now he was being reproached by Brountas for doing too little. When Jackson told his friends what had happened, they were adamant: Give it up, they told Jesse. With insurrection in the air, they adjourned for soul food at Pascal's.

No sooner had they arrived than Jackson was informed that Dukakis himself was on the phone. Jackson and an aide moved into the kitchen to take the call. Jackson was uncertain. "I don't know what to say to him." His adviser replied, "Tell him you understand that he feels there has been no unqualified endorsement."

"What will he say to that?" Jesse retorted.

"He'll have to call you back because he won't know what to say."

Jackson and Dukakis exchanged a few pleasantries before Jesse got to the point: "I understand that you all don't think that I've given you an unqualified endorsement. Governor, just name the time and place and I'll be there." Dukakis was silent for a few moments and then asked if he could call him back. Jackson



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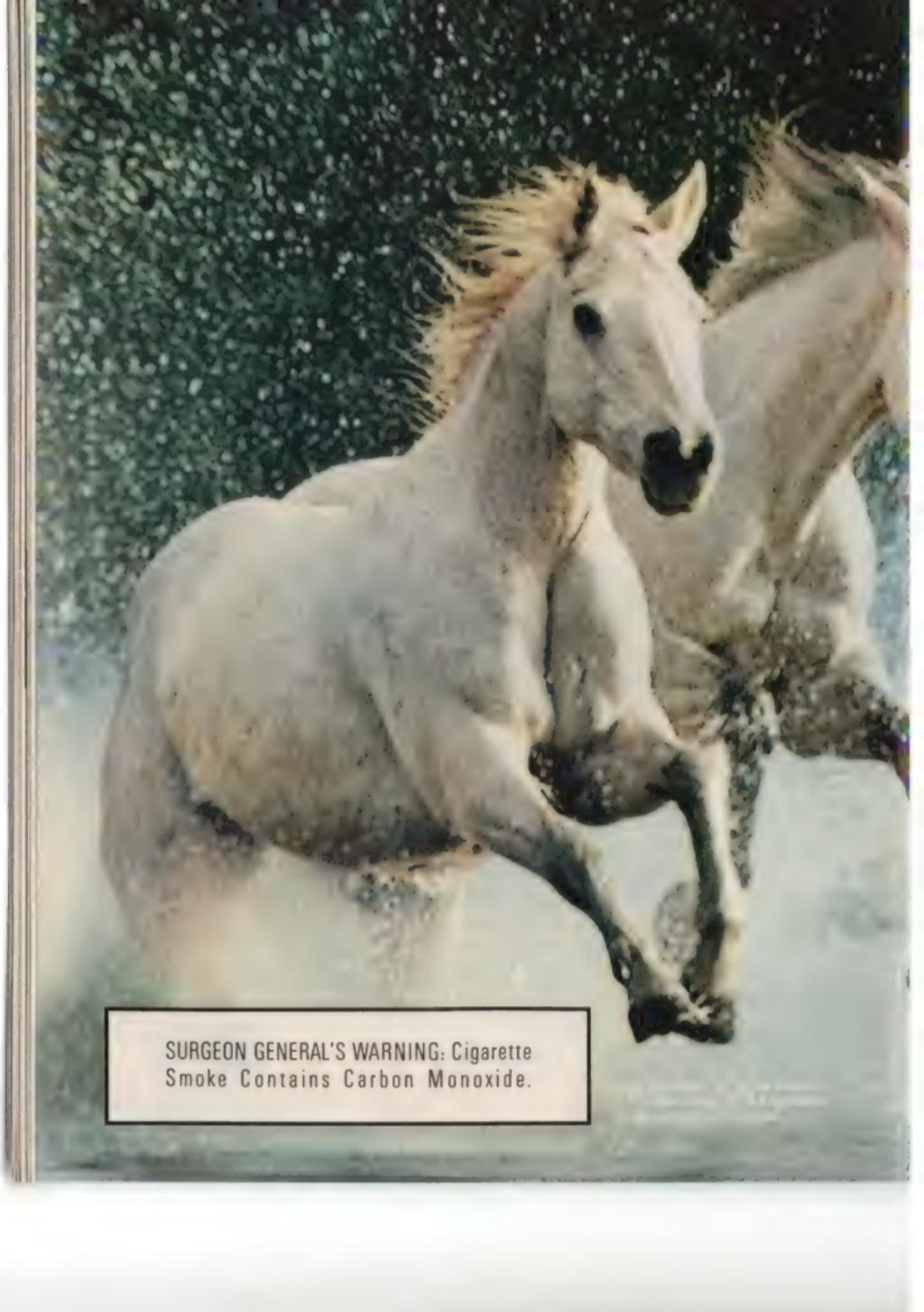
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hung up and turned to his adviser: "I've always prided myself on my ability to communicate. I'm obviously a miserable failure." Five days later, Dukakis' newly rehired aide John Sasso flew to New York for a three-hour meeting with Jackson. Jackson was gratified, but it was too late. He was already following his own agenda: registering voters and promoting Jesse Jackson. ■

6

Defying the odds, his advisers and the press, Bush chooses the young and untested Dan Quayle

Haunted by a reputation as a loyal deputy unaccustomed to making decisions alone, Bush saw the vice-presidential selection process as a way of showing he was his own man. He played his cards close to the vest. He never quizzed the prospective nominees, but he seemed to interview just about everyone else.

Of the finalists, New York Congressman Jack Kemp was vetoed by Robertson and Dole. Alan Simpson and Dick Thornburgh were ruled out by Bush's staff because they had resisted overturning the Supreme Court's decision legalizing abortion. Bush was fond of New Mexico Senator Pete Domenici, but he smoked and his health was in doubt. Dole would have been a strong choice, but he made everyone nervous. He was nasty and unpredictable, and Bush just didn't like him.

On the Monday before he left for New Orleans, Bush invited 20 associates to his residence for dinner and convention watching. The aides were worried that the upbeat message scripted for the convention was getting lost in all the speculation about the vice presidency. Bush needed to make up his mind quickly. Later that evening, Bush heard a television reporter say that Dole had called the waiting process "de-

meaning." Bush threw out his hands in exasperation, and said, "My God!"

On the plane ride to New Orleans, campaign chairman James Baker talked with Bush. Still no decision. Teeter and Baker were convinced the choice was between Kemp and Dole. Teeter asked four other senior staffers to join a betting pool to guess the nominee: none selected Dan Quayle. As the plane began its descent,

Bush made up his mind. "Let's try to announce it today," he said.

As Bush bade Reagan a symbolic farewell at the Belle Chasse Naval Air Station outside New Orleans, the Vice President whispered in his ear, "It's Dan Quayle." In a bedroom of the air-station commandant, Bush gave orders to the White House operator to call the also-rans. Bush took Baker aside and told him, then the rest of the senior staff, Quayle was the last to get the news. "You are my first and only choice," Bush told the Indiana Senator.

But the process soon spun out of control because Bush had kept everything to himself, no one had thought of how to present Quayle to the press. Expecting the choice to be Dole, Bush's senior staff enlisted the veteran Reagan adviser Stu Spencer to keep Dole under control. But Spencer proved too domineering for Quayle. He called him Danny and treated him like a college freshman. At Quayle's first press conference, the Bush staff was relieved at his ability to handle the issue of Paula Parkinson, the onetime *Playboy* model who very briefly shared a Florida vacation house with Quayle and two colleagues, but they were not prepared for the brouhaha over Quayle's decision to join the National Guard. Nor did anyone coach Quayle through the television interviews that night: he came across as woefully inadequate.

Later that night Bush's senior staff gathered in the lounge outside Baker's office on the 38th floor of the Marriott. Baker, his tie still crisply tied, led the proceedings from a chair in the center of the smoky room. Aides were sent scurrying for information. The mood was somewhere between a wake and an all-night cramming session. Nothing much was accomplished, but no one wanted to leave. Dumping Quayle was only fleetingly considered. "We all knew that would be suicide," the end, said a Bush aide. ■

7

His campaign stalled, Dukakis calls back an exiled adviser



During his eleven months in quiet exile, Sasso had only sporadic contacts with the man who banished him for leaking a video exposing Senator Joe Biden's use of lines from a British politician. He and Dukakis talked, but rarely about politics. Even when Sasso attended the Atlanta convention, staying at the same hotel as Dukakis, the two men never saw each other. That did not keep reporters from repeatedly asking if Sasso was coming back.

Shortly after Super Tuesday, the Governor called Sasso and requested his thoughts on the campaign. Sasso was primed. In-depth polling was required to determine the campaign's theme. TV ads should begin in August. The campaign staff needed strengthening.

Dukakis was impressed. He asked Sasso to put all this in a memo and report back in a few weeks. A week later, Dukakis changed his mind. Newspaper stories speculated that Sasso was about to be recalled. Spooked by all the media attention, Dukakis got word to Sasso to forget about it.

But in August, as Bush found his voice, Dukakis appeared lost. His negatives had climbed above 40%. He needed a coherent structure, and none was in place. Dukakis had no choice but to turn to Sasso. It was embarrassing for the self-righteous Dukakis: he was publicly going back on his word.

Brountas called Sasso at Martha's Vineyard, where he had just begun a holiday with his wife. Could Sasso come to Boston immediately? Around Dukakis' kitchen table in Brookline, Dukakis asked Sasso to return and "run" the campaign. He "could kick himself," Dukakis said, that he hadn't done this earlier.

Sasso found the campaign in disarray, the advertising a shambles. He quickly

signed up surrogates like Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton and New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley to stump for Dukakis. Soon Dukakis began to fire back with his populist message of fighting for the middle class. But it was too little, too late. ■

8

Unwell but not unprepared, the Duke loses the second debate



After the first presidential debate, a private discussion went on at Dukakis' headquarters in Boston. Yes, Dukakis had done well, but the second debate was the clincher. Stories were already appearing, outlining a Bush Electoral College victory. So, should Dukakis come out fighting, Duke as Rambo? Or should he accentuate the positive, Duke as teddy bear? The issue polarized the staff. By the time the Dukakis camp arrived in Los Angeles for Round 2, everyone agreed that it should be the Duke as Rambo. Everyone, that is, except the would-be Rambo.

Before lunch in the Governor's suite at the Westin Bonaventure the day before the debate, campaign manager Susan Estrich, Sasso and Nick Mitropoulos, a long-time Dukakis operative, all advocated aggressiveness. Ted Sorenson brandished a column by David Broder of the *Washington Post* arguing that Dukakis had to hit back at Bush. "I don't see it that way," Dukakis said. "I'm going to try to be positive." He countered his staff's boxing metaphors with one of his own: the marathon.

Finally, Dukakis' aides got him to agree on a specific battle plan. He would attack the Vice President on six subjects: Quayle, Iran-contra, abortion, patriotism, drugs and Boston Harbor. He was also supposed to dare the Vice President to look directly into the camera and tell the American people that J. Danforth Quayle was best qualified to be Vice President.

On debate day Dukakis woke up feeling ill. His throat was sore, his head

congested. At 6 a.m. two doctors were summoned. The three-hour morning debate practice was canceled. Instead, a small group sat with the Governor and ran over details. After going for a sound-and-light check in the debate hall, Dukakis went to his hotel and dropped off to sleep again. Another discussion was planned for 2:30, but when his aides returned, Dukakis was still asleep. They were astonished: Dukakis rarely napped for more than 20 minutes. He awoke at 3, told his aides he wanted to rest a while longer and then slept fitfully until 5, only an hour before the debate.

In the holding room offstage, half an hour before the debate, Dukakis was bone-dry on his answers, rehearsing prepared lines. Then the phone rang. It was Mario Cuomo. Dukakis took the call and spoke to him for 20 minutes. Aides say it kept him from gathering his thoughts and focusing on his strategy.

Then, less than a minute into the debate, came CNN anchorwoman Bernard Shaw's harsh question positing the rape and murder of Kitty. Dukakis never recovered. He raised only one of the six planned issues. As soon as the debate was over, he marched offstage, looking as if he were about to cry. He knew he had blown it. ■

9

Bush resists over-coaching, and Ailes keeps him loose for the final debate



George Bush was disconsolate after the first debate. "I missed a lot of opportunities," he told his advisers. He had been stiff, nervous, ineffective, and he knew it. His advisers chose not to humor him. "Don't worry. I'll do better next time," Bush said.

The following morning, Bush made a simple request. Each day he wanted a co-

gent briefing paper on a single topic likely to be raised in the second contest. That was all. He would prepare himself from that. Before the first debate, Bush had been prepped by as many as ten different coaches, each offering advice. Watching Quayle's stiff and programmed debate performance also convinced Bush that less would be more. Debater, prepare thyself, was Bush's new motto.

Bush gained confidence as he studied each memorandum. One morning, when the scheduled summary did not arrive, he testily told an aide to get it within an hour. On the plane to the second debate, an aide wandered to the front of Air Force Two and discovered the Vice President talking out loud to himself, conducting a spirited, imaginary dialogue with his Democratic opponent. Bush's new self-teaching method, said one aide, allowed him to "concentrate on being himself, being natural."

As the chief debate coach, Ailes took the blame for Bush's being tense during the first debate. "It was my job to get him relaxed and confident, and it didn't happen," he conceded. On the morning of the second debate, Ailes got a call at 6:45 from Bush saying that he wanted to see him at 8. When Ailes arrived, Bush was already going over his briefing papers.

Ailes gave him a "pepper" drill, rapid-fire questions and answers to test Bush's reflexes and the shape of his answers.

Later they toured the debate site, and Ailes, the modern master of muscular advertising, became the clown prince of debate prep. He joked with Bush, teased him, made him laugh. He told Bush at one point, "If he brings up Iran-contra, just walk over there and deck him." When Bush returned to the Beverly Hills Hotel, he received a massage and spent the final 45 minutes before the debate with Ailes.

As the two candidates stood in the wings of the stage, Ailes and Bush looked across at Dukakis and his debate coaches Bob Squier and Tom Donilon, their faces half shrouded by darkness. Ailes waved flamboyantly to his opposite numbers, and Squier raised his hand. Dukakis frowned and folded his arms tightly across his chest. Seeing Dukakis' tenseness, Bush smiled.

By Richard Stengel. Reported by Robert Ajiwon, David Beckwith, Michael Duffy, Michael Riley and Alessandra Stanley

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the pinnacle of the American brandymaker's art. Also shown here: the Bacon brothers, from Chicago, whom time has likewise treated well, although Ernst (on the left), age 90, insists that Alfons, 92, has lost a step on him and is getting shorter by the minute.

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X.O. RARE RESERVE BRANDY

Are the Democrats Cursed?

Yes, until they can shake the taint of '60s liberalism

BY WALTER SHAPIRO

The most appropriate Election Night parable for the demoralized Democrats comes from the comic strips, even though for the Dukakis camp it is no laughing matter that the party has now lost five of the past six presidential elections. In *Peanuts* there is a running joke that every time Charlie Brown races forward to kick a football, Lucy grabs it away at the last second and he takes a pratfall. The humor, of course, lies in Charlie Brown's earnest belief that despite the implacable evidence of history, this time will somehow be different, and the pigs will finally go sailing through the uprights.

So, too, for the Democrats. They begin each presidential cycle convinced that they have at last redefined their ideology, risen above the folly of faction and rediscovered the magic formula to create a national majority. The jaunty confidence of the Atlanta convention and the euphoria that accompanied summer polls pointing to a Dukakis landslide are a potent illustration of how deeply self-deception is embedded in the party's soul. Each presidential pratfall comes as a stunning surprise, since the Democrats stubbornly refuse to acknowledge that around 1968 or 1972 they ceased to be the nation's natural governing party. The myth structure that surrounds the victories of Franklin Roosevelt dies hard, even though Democrats conveniently forget that only two of their candidates (Lyndon Johnson and Jimmy Carter) have garnered the support of a majority of the electorate since 1944.

The meanness of George Bush's attacks coupled with the ineptitude of Michael Dukakis' campaign tends to obscure an important truth for the Democrats: the party is still doing penance for the 1960s. The code words like Willie Horton, the Pledge of Allegiance and the A.C.I.U. which the Republicans used to fuel the politics of resentment, all come out of Richard Nixon's play-

book. In the minds of too many voters, the Democrats are still the party of militant blacks, meddlesome social workers, uppity feminists and draft-card-burning protesters. Such images not only are unfair but also reflect some of the nation's most deep-seated prejudices. Sad to say, they also provide a convincing explanation for the pattern inherent in the defeats of Hubert Humphrey, George McGovern, Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale and now Dukakis.

There is, to be sure, the counterargument that Democratic blunders kicked away a race that otherwise would have marked the party's triumphant return to the White House. "We should not have lost this election," insists

Texas agriculture commissioner Jim Hightower, one of the party's leading populists. "By God, it's awful we could not beat George Bush and Dan Quayle. They were perfect for us." This widespread view stems directly from the party's consistent strength at all other levels of government. As political scientist Nelson Polsby puts it: "The only thing wrong with the Democratic Party is that they can't elect a President. Everything else they're doing is right. The Senate, the House, party ID—they're all fine."

Even if Bush's win is something of an accident, the Democrats have again ceded the power to determine their fate. For better or worse, the 1992 election promises to be a referendum on the record of the Bush Administration. Thus the Democrats, as they did throughout the Reagan years, are almost reduced to praying for an economic cataclysm. Political analyst Kevin Phillips, the author of the prophetic 1969 book *The Emerging Republican Majority*, sees parallels between Bush and Harry Truman. Phillips contends that just like the Democrats this year, the Republicans ought to have won the 1948 election. Truman managed to mount one last crusade against the memory of Herbert Hoover, but the Republican triumph in 1952 was all but inevitable. "I don't see how George can play the populist role for too long," Phillips says. "If we get an economic downturn, he can't get away with pork rinds and Loretta Lynn."

The nature of the Dukakis

defeat virtually guarantees four years of Democratic doctrinal debate, since nearly all factions in the party can concoct self-serving rationales for the setback. The party's Southern moderates will point to the popularity of Lloyd Bentsen as evidence that the 1992 nominee must be tough on defense and immune to Republican attacks on social issues. Jesse Jackson and the left-leaning liberals will decry Dukakis' ideological blandness. Even the party centrists, whose position has been weakened by the twin failures of Mondale and Dukakis, can with some justice argue that a better candidate might win with the same strategy next time. Democratic pollster Peter Hart reflects this view when he says, "The steps that the party leadership took to position us for 1988 and the results of the congressional elections suggest that we were moving in the right direction."

Even before the Democrats select a new party chairman to succeed Paul Kirk in January, Jackson is almost certain to stake his claim as the spiritual leader of the party and its presidential nominee in 1992. He comes out of this campaign with an army of loyalists in every key state, a fund-raising list containing nearly 200,000 names that is the envy of his rivals and a peripatetic speaking schedule that will keep him highly visible. But to solidify his position, Jackson is keenly aware that

he must quickly move away from the polarizing postures of the past. "He needs to reach out to the South, to the Democratic Leadership Council and to the party chairs," says a leading party insider. "And that's what he's going to do."

Democrats do not lack other potential 1992 candidates. Richard Gephardt and, to a lesser extent, Al Gore are strengthened by the perception that they would have run stronger races than Dukakis did. Bill Bradley remains as beguiling as ever, and Mario Cuomo stands ready to prove that not all Northeastern ethnic governors are soulless technocrats. Maybe 1992 will be the year the Democrats shake off their presidential curse. Or maybe the party is just doomed to wander in the wilderness until President Dan Quayle runs for a second term. ■

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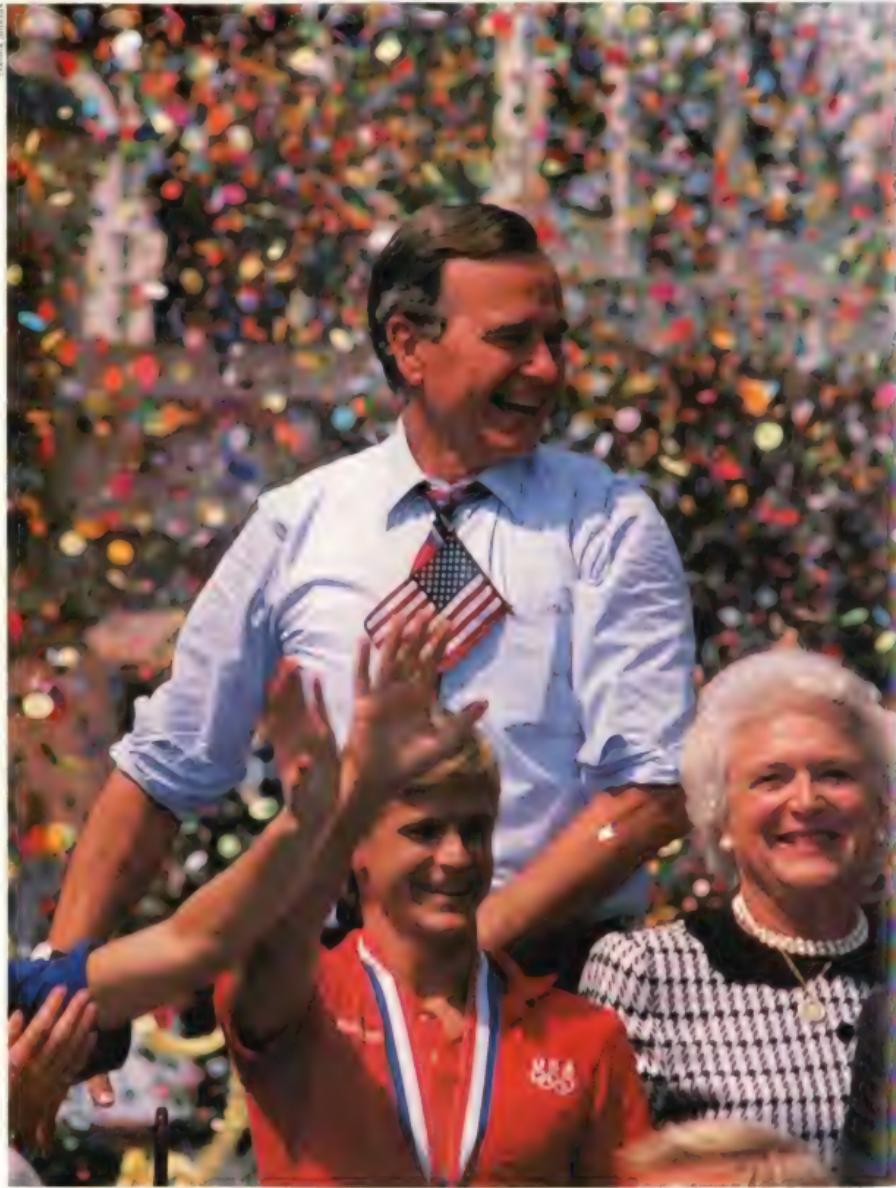
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The Power Populist

What nerve did Bush strike? A noted historian argues that he won because he embraced Robertson's cause while Dukakis rejected Jackson's

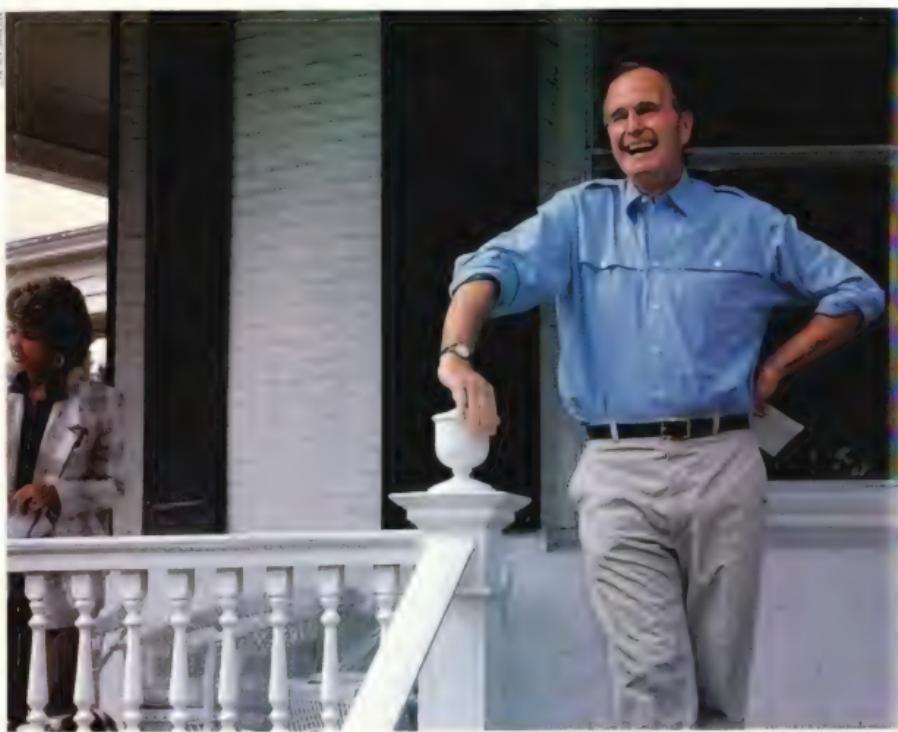
BY GARRY WILLS

 When they were not firing muskets loaded with rusty nails into each other's faces, they were engaged in a competitive warmth-out—Michael Dukakis trying furiously to grin, with meager results; Bush's grin wandering, with random abundance, all over his face and off into the air. Given his wrinkles (and his plight), Lloyd Bentsen's grin was hard to distinguish from a wince. Off to the side, Dan Quayle was giving high school students his version of the Stephen Sondheim lyric "Lovely is the one thing I can do."

The candidates were encouraged to talk about everything but what was happening under their feet. The ground was slipping out from under Americans—to foreign investors, to revenue collection that has become a vast servicing of our debt, to cold war commitments that do not exude power but exhaust it, to involuntary and unconfessed curtailments of our postwar imperial mission. Who could advert to these amid the smoke of muskets and the feeble blaze of opposed "likabilities"?

Ironically, the campaign began with rival moral visions, offered by two candidates who created the greatest surprise of the election year. These candidates tapped a yearning for moral rebirth that Reagan was supposed to have brought to Americans already. Yet Reagan's rhetoric, unable to re-create the America he invoked, made that America's absence more haunting for those who saw a Sodom around them instead of the Eden they had been promised. Pat Robertson and Jesse Jackson both deplored the loss of family values, the irresponsible sexuality of the young—what Jackson called "babies making babies." They

Garry Wills is author of *The Kennedy Imprisonment*, *Nixon Agonistes* and *Reagan's America*.



BUSH ADOPTED A POPULISM OF THE POWERFUL THAT MINED THE PUBLIC'S UNEASINESS ABOUT THE FUTURE

said that drugs were hollowing out the country's moral center. They called for greater discipline in the schools. Both wanted to get tough on crime. Both used their church network while trying to reach beyond it. Robertson presented himself as a corporate executive and university president; Jackson presented himself as a diplomat-negotiator who had brought back hostages, kept factories and farms from closing, and transcended racial divisions. Robertson gave us a right-wing populism that had shed the overt racism of George Wallace's campaigns. Jackson gave us a left-wing populism that had gone beyond the black base of his 1984 effort.

It was surprising in a time of apparent peace and prosperity to find such personal anguish welling up in response to Robertson's lament for a nation sliding into evil, or to Jackson's claim that white as well as black Americans were being victimized by a system that favored "merging corporations, purging workers and submerging our economy." This was a populism not derived so much from present economic distress as from uneasiness about the future, about the world of debt, of drugs, of illiteracy, of poor jobs or no jobs, that Americans will be leaving their children.

Robertson's effort seemed to flame out earlier. He mobilized his evangelical troops to show up in disproportionate strength at the Iowa straw ballot and the Michigan pre-caucuses. But his appeal went beyond the true believers (important enough in them-

selves) and had a lasting impact on the shape of the Republican race. By coming in second in Iowa, beating George Bush, Robertson gave Bob Dole, the winner in Iowa, a chance to derail Bush in New Hampshire. In addition, the hard core of the right that Robertson had pre-empted was unavailable to Jack Kemp when he needed it. But Robertson's campaign staggered from one kookiness to the next as the candidate not only professed he was like all the Republicans! opposed to abortion, but argued that we are committing genocide against ourselves by depriving America of all the wages unborn babies would be earning in the 21st century. He also made wild claims about offensive missiles remaining in Cuba. He finally became a laughingstock when he suggested that Bush's people had engineered the Jimmy Swaggart sex scandal to damage his campaign.

Yet Robertson proved there was an unassuaged moral yearning that Reagan had stimulated without quite satisfying. Robertson's agenda of prayer in school, harsh penalties for drug dealers, a return to patriotism, opposition to abortion and a full frontal attack on liberalism set the model for Bush's campaign in the fall. Robertson issued the marching orders in his speech at the New Orleans convention: "Criminals are turned loose and the innocent are made victims . . . I submit to you tonight that Michael Dukakis is the most liberal candidate ever put forward for the presidency by any major party in American history."



DEPLOYING A SECONDHAND ELOQUENCE AND NEGATIVENESS



WITH TOUGH POSTURING, BUSH CHANGED HIS LIMP PUBLIC IMAGE

Roger Ailes, Bush's media adviser, is credited with (or blamed for) inventing the Pledge of Allegiance issue, the Willie Horton scare, the A.C.L.U. attacks. All were leftovers from the Robertson campaign. Bush had been criticized as a "lapdog" early in 1987 when he courted the religious right, calling himself a "born again" Christian. It was assumed that he had to undergo these rituals, but that he would move to the center after surviving the Kemp challenge. What Ailes and his campaign allies did was take the Robertson base and build on it, incorporating all its major themes.

It was a brilliant stroke to run the incumbent Vice President, who was boasting of his own Administration's success, as the candidate of grievance—of affronts localized in a liberalism that is soft on crime and defense, exotic as a Harvard boutique yet stealthy enough to win an election by misrepresenting itself to the American people. Populism is supposed to be an appeal to the powerless. The populism of power is a contradiction in terms. But Ailes and Lee Atwater and James Baker made it a successful contraption for garnering votes.

The Jackson story is almost the reverse of Robertson's. He went further, gained more votes, commanded more attention and remained an important factor in the race right up to the convention. But his themes were not incorporated into the Democratic campaign after the convention. Robertson's cad-

res would be a quiet but key element in Bush's campaign, while Dukakis treated Jackson as an embarrassment, something he had to cope with, placate, keep a healthy distance from. This would lead him into his worst mistake, the renunciation of ideology, the attempt to build a middle constituency from scratch in the name of "competence." In effect, he fled his base instead of building on it.

This was not a bold decision but a cautious one, based on the conventional wisdom that Jackson had been undermining all through the primaries. Before the 1988 campaign, Jackson was regularly discussed as a threat to the Democratic Party, one who would damage the nominee as he is supposed to have damaged Walter Mondale in 1984. Jackson is the most vivid symbol of those "special interests" (blacks, women, gays, teachers, unions) that were supposed to have trammelled the Democratic Party, making it their captive. (As Studs Terkel points out, the really powerful lobbies, for gun owners and doctors and corporations, are not called special interests—they are just average citizens, the privileged again posing as populists.)

The Democratic Leadership Council was created to free the party from the "encumbrance" of special interests and move it to the center. A centrist candidate who was strong on defense was thought to have the best chance to win the 1988 election, and Super Tuesday was created in the South to give such a candidate a



HIS REFUSAL TO RESPOND CONFIRMED THE SUSPICION THAT HE WAS BLOODLESS

boost. There was even talk for a while of "Atari Democrats," managerial types who would forget past labels and leap into the next creative age of Government-inspired technology. Democrats, while trying to build their dream candidate, were unconsciously fashioning that Frankenstein's monster of "competence" and computer-friendly conduct, Michael Dukakis.

But while the experts were thinking in these terms, political reality was shifting under their feet. The Democrats had run for and won congressional majorities and statehouses with the help of the special interests that were supposed to burden them at the national level. And then, in 1986, something striking happened: black voters, many of them registered by the Jackson campaign of 1984, turned out in larger percentages than their white counterparts, defying historical patterns, and helped elect liberal whites in two key states: Alabama and California. This, with white liberal victories in other states, returned control of the Senate to Democrats.

That shift in control meant, among other things, that Joseph Biden, not Strom Thurmond, became chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. So when Robert Bork was nominated for the Supreme Court, the judge whose qualifications seemed indisputable found himself facing a panel that would respond to the special interests. Bork, by sticking to his record, was in the position of denying rights of privacy to gays and to those using contraception, of opposing civil rights and women's rights as well as abortion. Yet a majority of Americans agreed with the special interests on the rights of privacy, on the rights of women and even on the desegregation legislation of the '60s.

What took shape in the alliance formed to reject Bork was

a liberalism that could prevail in 1988. Jackson, who was active in the lobbying against Bork, realized that the "rainbow coalition" he had tried to call into being in 1984 was knitting itself together in this effort. If he could keep these elements united, his 1988 campaign would be far more compelling to far more people than his 1984 race had been.

Jackson had spent the summer of 1987 studying economic solutions to the trade imbalance and deficit with Carol O'Cleiracain, a New York-based economist who has specialized in labor law and public finance. They spent hours discussing the various issues and came up with plans like the use of labor pensions as Government-guaranteed capital for programs to rebuild the decaying infrastructure of America—the roads and bridges neglected for years. Economists called Jackson's economic policy the best and most complete program being offered by any candidate. While gradually lowering the deficit by taking away tax breaks for the rich, Jackson was offering not austerity but a way to spend and produce our way out of economic dependency.

When Jackson took his new economic populism to Iowa at the beginning of 1987, it elicited an astounding response. In Greenfield, 700 people left the televised Super Bowl to hear him talk farm economics. He adopted the town as his headquarters and won 66% of its caucus delegates a year later. He began showing up at farm auctions and factory closings. In Wisconsin he pleaded with Lee Iacocca to keep a Chrysler plant open in Kenosha (which supplied some of his most enthusiastic delegates to the Atlanta convention). The improba-

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IN SEARCH OF A CAUSE: THE LIBERAL TRADITION, ONCE SHUNNED BY DUR. JES. WAS BELATEDLY EMBRACED

ble romance between Jesse Jackson and aggrieved whites was heating up—he would win three times as many white votes in the 1988 primaries as he had won in 1984, and white populists such as Jim Hightower said his message was the same as theirs. While Jackson was reaching out, party brokers like Ann Lewis and Bert Lance were taking his cause to Democratic regulars, saying Jackson was a player this year.

Dukakis, like most other Democrats (all but Gore in his desperate courting of New York's Jews), was careful not to criticize Jackson. Republicans had given Robertson the same polite treatment, thanking him for broadening the party's appeal. Yet Dukakis thought of himself as self-sufficient and did not actively seek partnership even with powerful white politicians in his fall campaign—people like Sam Nunn and Edward Kennedy. He was certainly not going to let himself be seen as indebted to a black man with heavy baggage from the past. Dukakis had profited, after Super Tuesday, by the narrowing of the race to two candidates, of which he was the only white left running. Tuesday after Tuesday, he won victories over a more liberal candidate, taking on the aura of a moderate and defining himself as the alternative to Jackson.

So Dukakis was (among other things) declaring his independence from Jackson when he said, "This campaign is not about ideology. It's about competence." Jackson was the most prominent of the party's progressives—and Jackson, not coincidentally, had never held office or managed anything with generally acknowledged competence. Dukakis, instead of recruiting the energies of his party's most zealous wing, as Bush had done by including Robertson's troops, was telling them in

effect to get lost, or at least to lose their labels, while promoting his own credentials as a manager. It was a weird rallying cry: "Let Michael be Michael."

Dukakis' convention speech gave Ailes just the opportunity he was hoping for. Dukakis, moderate in the context of Massachusetts (where reform rather than substantial justice was always his theme), is a liberal by national standards. He is undemonstrative by temperament, in any case; but for him to forswear at least part of his own heritage made him look positively furtive. He seemed to be hiding secrets as well as his smile. That would help Ailes in the crucial assignment he had given himself—turning the unrelentingly nice George Bush into a vicious campaigner.

In the past Bush's affability had come across as slightly sappy. To get him serious enough, Ailes had to convince Bush he was being roughed up. Ailes has recalled how he braced his man to launch the ad hominem assault on Dan Rather when he appeared live on the CBS *Evening News* by persuading Bush there was a dastardly plot to eliminate him from the campaign. In the limousine on the way over to the network, Bush protested that he could answer questions about Iran: he had been doing so all along. Ailes said, "You don't understand something. This is a hit squad . . . They've got you up against the wall. They're putting the blindfold on you. It's all over, pal." It was all a plot on the part of Dan Rather, Ailes argued, who was not a newsman but an ideological hit man.

Ailes saw his job as that of a fight manager animating his contender with energizing drafts of hatred for the foe. Before

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BUSH ADOPTED ROBERTSON'S YEARNING FOR MORAL REBIRTH



DUKAKIS IGNORED JACKSON'S DEFIANT ECONOMIC POPULISM

Reagan's second debate with Mondale in 1984 (Ailes was called in because Reagan had done so poorly in the first one), Ailes sent the President into the ring with these words: "When you see Mondale, remember, this man had twelve years as Senator and Vice President, and it was a mess. And what he wants to do is get your job so that he can undo everything you spent your entire life doing."

Roger Ailes had to make George Bush, who is not very good at hating, hate Michael Dukakis. Ailes went around spreading the word that Michael Dukakis is "Mr. Elbows and Knees" when it comes to dirty campaigning, that Kitty was behind the release of the Biden tape, that Dukakis had mental problems he was hiding, that he "is a classic narcissist."

The clincher, so far as convincing Bush went, was the fact that Dukakis was being deceptive about his past, trying to deny his liberalism, to mask the menace to the nation presented by his softness on crime and defense. If Ailes could make that case to Bush, then the Pledge issue, the Horton horror stories, the A.C.L.U. membership (clashing with Dukakis' nonideological pose), would make sense to Bush as defensive actions against the broad assault of Dukakis' lie.

Dukakis made these absurd accusations credible by his refusal to take them seriously. On the Pledge, he did not angrily grab the flag back and say it belongs to *all* Americans and he would defend it *always*, but *constitutionally*: he just cited Massachusetts' highest court, as if putting a footnote in a law-review article. On the A.C.L.U., he did not get indignant that the

honor of good people (people who had, by the way, sued him as Governor of Massachusetts) was being impugned. Protectors of civil liberties should not be mistreated, any more than his own wife should be raped. But just as he ignored the personal implications of the brutal question asked him by Bernard Shaw in his second debate with Bush, he ignored the chance to defend liberals who had stood by those being deprived of their constitutional rights.

The contrast between the two campaigns' responses to attacks was made clear at the Republican Convention when a furor broke out over the nomination of Dan Quayle for Vice President. The day after that announcement, delegates found, waiting for them on their seats in the convention hall, statements from veterans' groups that it was no disgrace to serve in the National Guard and from National Guardsmen saying it was an honor to serve with them. By the time the convention session began, each floor whip had a set of quotations from military spokesmen defending Quayle's patriotism. Attacks were anticipated by the Republicans. They were ignored even after they occurred on the Democratic side.

What Dukakis should have done when the Pledge came up was appear with John Glenn and other patriotic icons of the Democratic Party to say the flag was being cheapened by the attack on Supreme Court rulings. On the Horton issue, Dukakis should have had a panel of penologists appearing to explain the nation's furlough systems, their risks and rewards as proved over time, and comparing the various state and federal programs with the Massachusetts one. On



A LOVING FAMILY MAN WHO INVOKED A "KINDER, GENTLER" NATION WHILE GOING FOR THE JUGULAR

the A.C.L.U., Dukakis should have appeared with officers of that organization and joked about all the times they had disagreed in the past, while asserting that what makes America great is the preservation of free discussion and advocacy. This is what columnist Christopher Matthews, Tip O'Neill's onetime aide, calls seeking to "hang a lantern on your problems." But Dukakis' problem was that he did not know he had problems.

With Jackson, instead of trying to hide him for a while (as if that would affect the people determined to vote against the Democrats because of race), Dukakis should have shared the platform with him, saying the Democratic Party has nothing to hide—unlike the Republicans, who were smuggling Dan Quayle into grade schools where girls could squeal and boys could ask questions as dumb as the answers. By the time Dukakis began to respond, it was by desperately imitating Bush's first flag rallies and by producing mean copies of the Horton ad, substituting victims of the federal furloughs (something Dukakis had earlier said he would not do).

The result was a dreary spectacle. Not only were two fundamentally decent men acting in foul ways, but they were being impelled in part *because* of their decent traits. Bush's reluctance to attack meant that he had to be overstimulated, and Dukakis' self-containment was read as a form of acquiescence that stirred the other side to greater boldness. While describing all the "tough choices" he was going to make as President, Dukakis let himself be pilloried by petty political hatchet men—hardly a recommendation for standing up against Gorbachev!

Apportioning guilt for this unhappy outcome is not itself a very productive exercise. The Bush operatives were swift and ruthless in attack. But Dukakis' renunciation of ideology left a vacuum that was bound to be filled with something more than his endless incantations of "good jobs at good wages" or of "decent, affordable housing" rattled out with machine-gun rapidity all over the country. Dukakis could not talk meaningfully about the deficit, since his only response to it was the laughable proposal to collect more of the taxes due. Having deprived himself of the liberal network that defeated Bork, he tried to appeal to a purely cerebral group of Americans who wanted things better done, a managerial elite that does not exist and could not be conjured up by his energetic assurances that he would continue to be himself.

I was only in desperation, at the bottom of his plunge in the polls, that Dukakis went back to his base, to the special interests, to unions and women and blacks. Jackson was at his side again; the liberal label, once dismissed, was belatedly embraced. The slow climb back up in the polls was nerve-racking in its contrast to the way he had plummeted. Would he make it back? His end-game strategy served as a testament to the resources he had squandered. Even though the appeal came late, the interests helped him finish with pride.

Bush won by default, and by fouls. His "mandate" is to ignore the threats to our economy, sustain the Reagan heritage of lies-pretend, and serve as figurehead for what America has become. ■ frightened empire hiding its problems from itself.



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Seven New Faces

Despite Bush's victory, the Democrats strengthened their control of the Senate. But the G.O.P. adds a major player from the South

MISSISSIPPI

A Slick Whip Moves Up

This bastion of the old Confederacy has been so willing to re-elect incumbents that Congressman Trent Lott campaigned for the Senate by reminding voters of the seriousness of the occasion: "This is only the second time in 40 years that Mississippi has elected a new Senator." To replace Democrat John Stennis, 87, who is retiring after 41 years in the office, the smooth, natty Lott won a tight race against a contrastingly folksy Democratic Congressman, Wayne Dowdy. Lott's victory gives the state two G.O.P. Senators for the first time since Reconstruction.

Self-assured, quick witted and highly conservative, Lott, 47, has represented the state's relatively prosperous Gulf Coast region in the House since 1972. As a member of the Judiciary Committee, he defended Richard Nixon against impeachment charges. By 1980 his ability to keep friends while taking hard-line positions brought him election as Republican whip. Campaigning for Dowdy, Stennis argued that Mississippi would lose clout, especially in keeping its many defense jobs, with two Republicans in a Democrat-controlled Senate. Lott had an apt reply: "We don't need two Senators who are going to cancel out each other's vote."



Republican Trent Lott

NEBRASKA

The Democrats' Charming Hero

In a campaign in which the bumbling incumbent Republican David Karnes declared that Nebraska needs "fewer farmers" and admitted he felt so inexperienced that he considered Dan Quayle an "elder statesman," former Democratic Governor Bob Kerrey did not need great strengths of his own to grab Karnes' Senate seat. Yet the charismatic Kerrey has charm and spontaneity that seem to transcend the issues. In a predominantly Republican state, Kerrey won while opposing SDI, aid to the *contras* and a constitutional amendment to ban abortions. Admitted Karnes: "He's a personality in this state, someone who turns up in *People* magazine. It's hard to run against a guy like that."

Kerrey, 45, who won a Congressional Medal of Honor and lost part of a leg in Viet Nam, earned celebrity status by leaving his profitable restaurant and sport-center business in 1982 to knock Republican Governor Charles Thone out of the statehouse. While leading a reform-minded administration, he also dated movie star Debra Winger, then declared before his term ended two years ago that the "feeling is just not there" to seek re-election. Self-effacing and willing to admit mistakes, Kerrey has the kind of appeal that has led women to ask him to autograph their T shirts.



Democrat Bob Kerrey

VIRGINIA

L.B.J.'s Strong Son-in-Law

So popular was Democrat Charles Robb as Virginia's Governor from 1982 to 1986 that when he fixed his sights on Republican Senator Paul Trile's seat, Trile prudently decided to retire. Republican prospects seemed so slim that the party tapped political novice Maurice Dawkins, an energetic black Baptist minister. About all that Dawkins' supporters could find to attack Robb with were unsubstantiated charges that as Governor he had attended beach parties at which cocaine had been used, and allegations that Robb had had an affair with a former Miss Virginia. Robb denied the charges. The race degenerated into a strange contest in which both candidates took and passed drug tests.

A handsome Marine major and bemedaled Viet Nam veteran, Robb, 49, met President Lyndon Johnson's daughter Lynda while assigned to social duties at the White House. He won his first try for elective office, as Lieutenant Governor, in 1978, then followed that with a highly successful four-year term as Governor. Ineligible for re-election, Robb kept his hand in politics as a founder and chairman of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council. On defense matters he is expected to follow the lead of a fellow D.L.C. member, Georgia Senator Sam Nunn.



Democrat Charles Robb

THE ELECTION

NEVADA

The Wind Sock Blows Eastward

Democrats figured they had easy pickings in stumbling Republican Senator Chic Hecht, who once said he opposed a nuclear-waste "suppository" in Nevada and was voted by Senate administrative aides as the upper chamber's least effective member. Still, Governor Richard Bryan, 51, found that he had to struggle to win over voters irritated by his desire to leave for Washington halfway through his second term. After squandering a big early lead, Bryan waged a somewhat wooden, but tireless, campaign to squeak past his foe. Despite his unfamiliarity with national issues, the Governor had one major achievement going for him: a capable administrator, he had taken his state from a fiscal crisis in 1982 to a \$100 million surplus this year.

While proclaiming himself a progressive, Bryan seems to be mostly a technocrat and fence-sitter. Reporters call him "Wind-Sock" Bryan because he changes position with the political breeze. Smart and articulate, he tends to be liberal on social issues and conservative on economics. Although he is a firm states'-righter, he rarely turns down a federal handout. That seems a winning combination in a state where rugged individuality often clashes with the policies of Nevada's major landlord: the Federal Government.



Democrat Richard Bryan

WISCONSIN

The Bucks Win A Big One

The ghost of the retiring William Proxmire haunted the race in Wisconsin, where Democrat Herbert Kohl turned Proxmire's legendary frugality on its head, yet somehow convinced voters that he most resembled their departing hero. A multimillionaire bachelor, Kohl, 53, spent \$5 million of his own money to defeat Susan Engeleiter, 36, the Republican leader in the state senate. When Proxmire won re-election in 1982, he spent just \$145. Yet, like Proxmire, Kohl refused contributions from special-interest groups and ran a populist, soak-the-rich campaign, calling for tax hikes for the wealthy. His affluence, he contended, meant that he would be "nobody's Senator but yours."

In winning on his first try for elective office, Kohl had the state's sports fans on his side. After selling his family's supermarket and department-store chain in the '70s, he bought the Milwaukee Bucks basketball team in 1985 to keep it in the city. Kohl is expected to be tough on the Pentagon, since he urges a 10% cut in defense spending, but he shuns a liberal label, noting his experience as a businessman. He joins a growing club of Senate millionaires, including Pennsylvania's John Heinz, New Jersey's Frank Lautenberg and Ohio's Howard Metzenbaum, all of whom won re-election.



Democrat Herbert Kohl

CONNECTICUT

A Sleeper Upsets the Bear

A political maverick proud of his liberal stances, Republican Lowell Weicker had consistently angered enough of the old-line Connecticut G.O.P. to render himself vulnerable. In 1982 he had to beat back a primary challenge from George Bush's brother Prescott Jr. This year the William Buckley clan even created a political-action committee just to help Weicker's Democratic opponent, attorney general Joseph Lieberman. While Lieberman scored effectively with a TV ad that portrayed Weicker as a hulking, slumbering bear who missed roll calls vital to his state, it was Lieberman who turned out to be the sleeper. The well-spoken statehouse insider produced one of the election's major upsets by ousting Weicker after three terms in the Senate.

Lieberman, 46, had quietly built coalitions within the Democratic Party as state senate majority leader and a two-term attorney general. He impressed voters with his strong antitrust actions and enforcement of environmental laws. An icon of consistency compared with Weicker, Lieberman is more conservative on one issue: he favors the death penalty. As the Senate loses a bit of its conscience with Weicker's first defeat in a 26-year political career, Democrats have tightened their grip on one of George Bush's several adopted states.



Democrat Joseph Lieberman

VERMONT

A G.O.P. Maverick Moves Higher

The state is small enough for voters to get to know, and apparently love, the representatives they send to Washington. In this century, Vermont has reelected only one member of its congressional delegation who sought re-election. Thus when moderate Republican Senator Robert Stafford decided to retire after 18 years, the state's lone Congressman, seven-term Republican James Jeffords, 54, immediately was seen as his heir apparent. Jeffords had little difficulty defeating Democrat William Gray, a Burlington lawyer and former U.S. Attorney seeking his first elective office.

Jeffords, who is about as liberal as Republicans get these days, was the only member of his party to vote against the Reagan tax cuts in 1981. He correctly predicted that they would produce large deficits. Since the two candidates differed so little on issues, Gray tried a negative campaign aimed mainly at Jeffords' acceptance of money from groups he helped. Eleven days before accepting \$5,000 from a Teamsters PAC in 1987, Jeffords asked Attorney General Edwin Meese not to put the racket-ridden union under federal trusteeship. (Meese did so anyway.) A former state legislator and attorney general, Jeffords kept intact his record of never having lost a statewide election.



Republican James Jeffords

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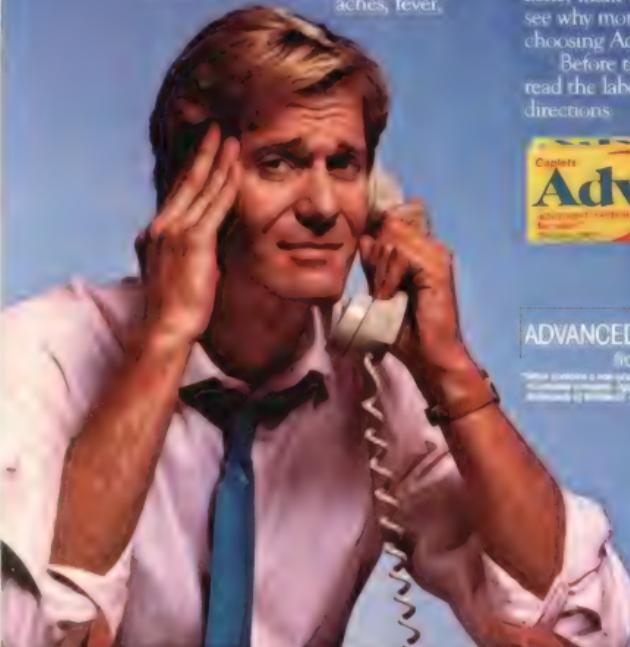
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"This Is the Vice President's Night"

BY HUGH SIDEY

The White House photographers watched Ronald Reagan through their long lenses in the final campaign hours as he sat on the stage in Long Beach, Calif., tiny American flag clutched in his hand. His 77 years and his flight west had wearied him. He had a wistful look, the collected melancholia of his political ending suddenly gripping him. Then came his turn on the podium.

He unlimbered, headed for the microphone and became transformed as he began to talk. The huge crowd fell silent. The photographers thought that they saw more color come into the President's cheeks, the wrinkles smooth out, the years fall away. Once again, Ronald Reagan was playing Hollywood's velvety-voiced crooner, delivering his favorite political tune.

He had come home. The true believers there, and later that day in San Diego, wept and shouted and chanted, "We love you!" White House chief of staff Ken Duberstein, a veteran of years of campaign hoopla, was stunned as the sound filled the hall. "I've never heard anything like it," remembered Duberstein. And then Reagan invoked the memories of his dead parents: "And I just hope that Nelle and Jack are looking down on us right now and nodding their heads and saying their kid did them proud."

Only Ronald Reagan among today's political powers could be so corny and survive, and be honored for the bathos. He is the architect of this age, not only of the bands and the movie blarney and the netted balloons that cascade over the gap-jawed audiences, but also of low inflation and entrepreneurship and peace and the biblical family virtues. What a performer.

Hurrying back to Washington, he shared dinner with his staff on Air Force One, still glowing from the grandest tributes he had ever received. Someplace over the Rockies he reflected on the reason for his full-spirited participation in this battle, traveling 25,000 miles, speaking at 30 rallies in 16 states and raising \$10 million for the party. "You always think in this business that your policies will last," Reagan said. "About then, I remember my successor as California Governor, Jerry Brown. He went in and changed everything that I had ever done."

There was even then the unshakable feeling that Reagan had accomplished what no other President since Andrew Jackson had done: inspire enough affection for himself, and respect for his policies and presence, to anoint his successor. Jackson did it for Martin Van Buren, Reagan for George Bush.

REAGAN FOR RUSHMORE... read one of the last signs held up by the adoring crowds. "Did you see it?" asked his spokesman, Marlin Fitzwater. Reagan ducked his head, smiled somewhat sheepishly. "I'm not ready for that."

On Election Day he never went to the Oval Office, a rare

departure from his schedule. He stayed in the White House's private quarters, padding around some of the time in a jogging outfit, phoning old friends and sampling the early television bulletins. His pollster Richard Wirthlin came around, and the two men looked at the figures. A sudden drop in Bush support in some spots had caused overnight concern, but then the tracking data through the day showed a solid Bush lead. He cut the photo opportunities down to a lone picture of Nancy and him watching the early reports. "This is the Vice President's night," he said. "I don't want to intrude in any way."

Reagan took a little time to talk to his biographer Edmund Morris. It was one of those rare moments between the past and the future. The proceedings were declared secret, to show up in Morris' book a couple of years or so from now. Late in the afternoon Reagan got a call from George Bush. He took it in private, knowing it could be an awkward moment to share with



Watching fate unfold on election night: Will the changes he made in America endure?

the public. Bush said thank you for the victory to come, the victory that both could feel as the evening rushed in on them.

Reagan's election night was festive. Nancy in a long black skirt, some 30 guests from the staff, Cabinet and family. Almost before the group could make respectable headway through the buffer supper, Bush was declared a winner. The White House cranked out the canned victory statement. Reagan made the ritual calls to George Bush and Dan Quayle. His guests drifted into the night and toward the victory celebration in the White House West Wing and delirious parties up and down the capital's broad avenues. Ronald and Nancy Reagan stayed among the White House ghosts and their memories, the Reagan legacy now given a new lease on life.

Outside in the cool November night, the golden leaves of the maples and oaks drifting down, the sidewalk along Pennsylvania Avenue was nearly deserted, a few late workers hurrying for buses, cops loitering. Once again the world's greatest power had changed the guard with hardly a ripple. ■

Election Notes

GOVERNORS

First Son, First Finishes

Dan Quayle gave a boost to the Republican ticket in Indiana, but Hoosier Democrats won with a favorite son of their own: Evan Bayh, 32, offspring of former U.S. Senator Birch Bayh. Handily defeating Lieutenant Governor John Mutz, 53, he became the first Democrat to run the state in 20 years. Bayh has served 22 months as secretary of state, in contrast to Mutz's twelve years in the statehouse and senate, but the young Democrat successfully moved away from his father's liberalism and attacked Mutz for backing tax increases and state



subsidies for foreign investors.

The Democrats also picked up a Governor's chair in West Virginia, where Gaston Caperton, 48, a wealthy insurance executive seeking his first political office, easily defeated three-

term Governor Arch Moore. In Vermont, Madeleine Kunin became the first woman chief executive ever to win a third term.

Republicans claimed their first victory in 24 years in Montana, where former state

senator Stan Stephens defeated a comeback attempt by former Democratic Governor Tom Judge. The Republicans also held onto Rhode Island, New Hampshire, North Carolina and Missouri. ■

CONGRESS

Character Is Destiny

Although House incumbents won re-election in more than 90% of their races, voters proved there are limits to tolerance. In Georgia's De Kalb County, Congressman Pat Swindall was indicted last month for lying to a grand jury about accepting a \$150,000 loan that might have been laundered drug money. His

constituents tossed him out in favor of actor Ben Jones, formerly Cooter on TV's *The Dukes of Hazzard*.

Rhode Island's Fernand St Germain, chairman of the powerful House Banking Committee and a 1987 target of a House ethics investigation, lost his bid for a 15th term to attorney Ronald K. Machley. Last month a Justice Department document disclosed "evidence of serious and sustained misconduct" in St Germain's dealings with a lobbyist. ■



Swindall for the defense

CULTURE

No Se Habla Español

The growing number of Spanish-speaking Americans has produced a powerful backlash among voters. Referendums declaring English the official language passed in Florida and Colorado; a similar initiative was leading in Arizona. Although it is not clear how the Florida and Colorado laws will affect daily life, the Arizona proposition instructs local governments and their employees to "act in English and in no other language."

In other actions, voters rejected ballot initiatives that could have had destructive consequences. Californians

turned down a proposal to require doctors to report the identities of AIDS carriers. Voters in Utah and Colorado said no to measures that would have rolled back taxes and severely restricted the states'

ability to raise new revenue. In Michigan, however, voters decisively approved a ban on state-funded abortions. Republican and Democratic Governors alike had vetoed similar bills 18 times. ■



English only: Will Florida's lottery still advertise in Spanish?

REFERENDUMS

Money Isn't Everything

Progressive Governor Hiram Johnson introduced the ballot initiative in 1911 so that California voters could bypass a state legislature controlled by self-interested businessmen. This year, however, all but two of the state's 29 initiatives were sponsored by special interests, which spent a record \$130 million. Yet Johnson would have been pleased by the public's ability to resist high-powered persuasion. The insurance industry spent \$75 million backing four contradictory and confusing auto-insurance referendums. All were defeated, and a consumer initiative calling for deep cuts in auto, home and commercial insurance rates seemed close enough to ensure a recount. But Proposition 99, which proposed a 25¢ tax on cigarettes to fund medical research and education, passed, despite the tobacco industry's \$16 million campaign to defeat it.

Maryland voters also rejected a megabuck lobbying effort. The National Rifle Association spent \$5 million in an effort to kill a new state law regulating the manufacture and sale of cheap handguns. Voters approved the legislation overwhelmingly. ■



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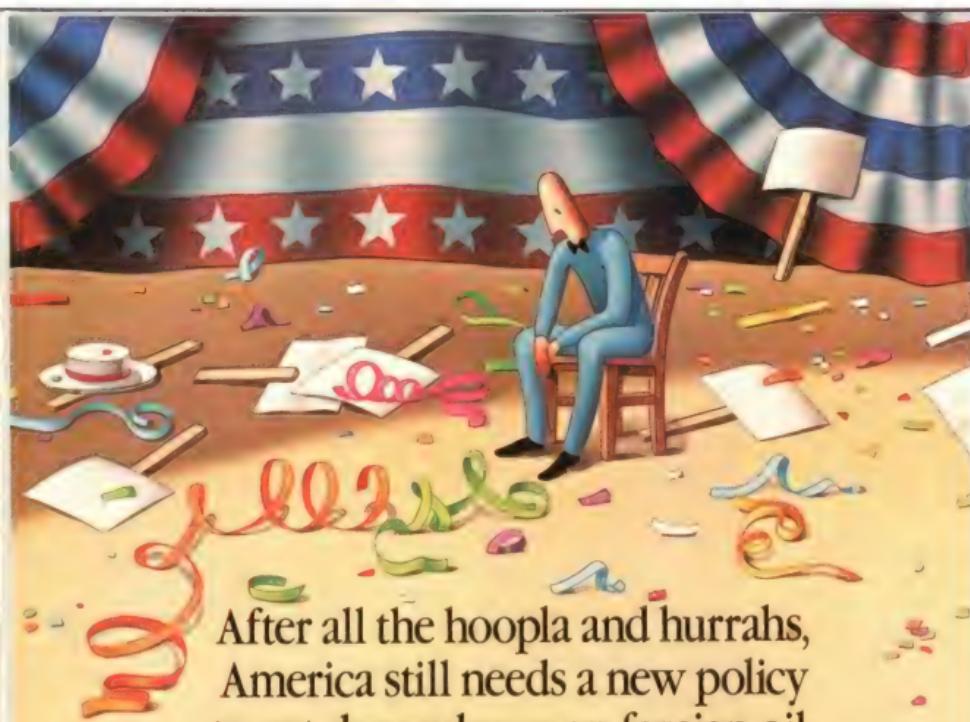
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federal, state and local levels make it difficult to plan and invest in proven long-term energy sources. We must solve those problems. Countries like Japan and France already pursue a long-term national energy policy of decreased dependence on foreign oil through the development of alternatives like nuclear energy. America should do it too.

Now that the confetti has been thrown, the winners have been cheered, and the elections are over, it's time for America to carry out a national policy that puts our energy destiny back in our own hands.

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NICARAGUA

A family mourns its daughter, caught in the cross fire of a gunfire between the Sandinistas and the contras. If the contra war has failed, so too has Ortega's government, which has compiled a record of repression and chronic mismanagement.

• CENTRAL AMERICA

No Winners, Only Losers

One of Bush's first foreign policy challenges will be to find fresh approaches to a region that obsessed but ultimately frustrated his predecessor

BY JILL SMOLOWE



"Reagan is going, the revolution stays." The billboards adorn the dusty roadways of Managua, a pitiful yell of triumph in an exhausted country that has little else to celebrate. Yet the Sandinistas can cheer at least this: while Ronald Reagan will be just another private citizen in two months, Daniel Ortega Saavedra—the man Reagan once called a "dictator in designer glasses"—will remain firmly at the helm of a government that the White House terms an "outlaw regime."

For Reagan, it is a disappointing conclusion to one of his most persistent campaigns, and certainly his most passionate. Throughout his presidency, Central America has been a laboratory for the twin goals of the Reagan Doctrine: to promote democracy where such tendencies show promise and to sponsor surrogate armies where Soviet-

backed regimes appear shaky. But after eight years, Reagan has presided over neither the democratization of Central America nor the disintegration of the Communists. His policy has spawned no winners, only losers.

The Central America that George Bush will have to deal with come January is a place that will require fresh approaches to frustratingly old problems. While the Reagan Administration can claim credit for laying the groundwork for democracy in El Salvador, Honduras and Guatemala, all three governments remain dependent on the support of military establishments that continue to exert considerable influence in civilian affairs. Death squads with links to the military still use guns to si-

lence critics, making a mockery of the precepts of democratic dialogue and respect for human rights. And regionwide, the basic standard of living has sunk to the levels of the early 1970s.

Among the biggest losers have been the people of Nicaragua. Those who have survived the war against the U.S.-backed *contras* are losing the battle for daily survival. Economic growth has been less than zero during the past two years. In January, with inflation running at nearly 1,500%, the cordoba was pegged at a rate of 10 for each U.S. dollar; today the rate is 1,600 to \$1. In Managua outdoor markets are bordered by garbage mounds where malnourished scavengers pick through the debris in search of food. Stagnant waters have become a breeding ground for dengue fever. In rural areas a plague of rats threatens the country's sugar-cane crops.

All this does not even begin to address the toll of a war that, by Managua's count, has taken 28,547 lives. The Nica-

Options for the New President

- Acknowledge that the *contramilitary effort* has run its course
- Open negotiations with Managua on security issues
- Offer to lift the economic embargo against Nicaragua in exchange for greater political freedoms

raguan government is asking the U.S. for \$12.2 billion in reparations, 25% of which would cover what they call "moral damages." But who is going to assess damages against the Sandinistas for their own incompetence and chronic mismanagement? Since 1979 the Sandinistas' most salient achievements have been to consolidate their power, build a formidable military machine and suppress dissent. While the Sandinistas claim they could triumph in any election, Nicaraguans are voting otherwise with their feet. More than 500,000 have fled to the U.S. and Honduras, and half again as many are expected to flee during the next year.

The Nicaraguan refugees pouring into Honduras once could count on shelter in U.N.-sponsored refugee camps. Now newcomers who are caught are forcibly returned. Hondurans, with an unemployment rate of about 40%, insist they cannot accommodate this job-hungry tide of dispossessed Nicaraguans. With 12,000 armed *contras* sitting in Honduran base camps, some Hondurans feel the U.S. has dragged them into a war that they never chose to fight. Though Washington understandably becomes annoyed when officials in Honduras and other Central American countries privately implore the U.S. to act tough with the Sandinistas but offer little public support, it is these countries that must live with the consequences of U.S. policies. Last month



EL SALVADOR

Locked in a life-and-death struggle with cancer, Duarte must also deal with the resurgent death squads that are once again slaughtering peasants, then dumping the bodies along roadides.



Honduras proposed to the U.N. General Assembly the creation of an international peacekeeping force to patrol its borders with Nicaragua and El Salvador. Honduras has refused to sign a new military cooperation agreement with the U.S. Perhaps more to the point, President José Azcona Hoyo recently suggested that the U.S. will have to "move to one side" in deliberations over Central America's future.

In El Salvador a bitter civil war is in its ninth year, and the leftist guerrillas are stepping up their assaults on military and economic targets. Last March voters gave control of the legislative assembly to the ultraconservative Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA), which has been linked

in the past to death-squad activity. In presidential elections next March, ARENA is expected to defeat the moderate Christian Democrats, currently headed by President José Napoleón Duarte, who is dying of cancer. The new government, backed by a reshuffled military, can be expected to move more aggressively against the guerrillas, which will probably mean a heavier civilian toll.

The resurgence of the right has already meant a return of the death squads. Amnesty International issued a report last month charging that government security forces were responsible for a significant increase in killings and disappearances in the past two years. Moreover,

The *Contras*: What Next?

The *contras* have only to trace the wanderings of their civilian leaders to calculate the odds of the U.S. Congress's ever approving more military aid. Alfonso Robelo is tending business interests, including a small coffee finca, in Costa Rica. Pedro Joaquin Chamorro is working as a news commentator in Miami. There is talk that Adolfo Calero may establish a lobbying group in Washington.

From grunts to generals, the *contras* face the prospect of disintegrating as a fighting force. True, up to 2,000 remain inside Nicaragua, trying to press their campaign. But the vast majority of the *contras*, about 12,000 fighters, are idle in base camps in Yamales, Honduras, waiting to see whether the next U.S. Administration will attempt to renew the military aid that dried up almost nine months ago.

Reporters have not been allowed into the camps, so it is impossible to verify commanders' claims that morale is high, discipline is largely intact and the desire to fight

on is strong. A small number have sold their weapons to raise cash, but for now most *contras* seem content to wait in the camps, living off the rice and beans that continue to arrive courtesy of the U.S.

Most are expected to abandon the fight if U.S. funding is not renewed. Civilian leader Alfredo Cesar hopes to return to Nicaragua by early next year, some say to run as the opposition candidate in the 1990 presidential elections.

Cesar is not well known within Nicaragua, and the Sandinistas, warns one diplomat, may dismiss his effort as "a blinding irrelevance."

Though Honduran officials insist that all the *contras* must leave their country, they expect that the U.S., reluctant to host the rebels, will ask Honduras to accept some as refugees in return for American aid. Other rebels, especially the field commanders, will probably be allowed to settle in the U.S. The more hardened foot soldiers may dig in for the long haul. Some observers in Tegucigalpa estimate that at least 2,000 rebels with scores to settle and long experience in guerrilla warfare intend to fight on, U.S. aid or no.



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FREDERIC BROWN

HONDURAS

Azcona and his government tolerate U.N.-run refugee camps, but they fear that the Nicaraguans may never go home.

despite \$3 billion in U.S. military and economic assistance since 1981, living standards have declined. Malnutrition is on the rise, basic services are deteriorating, and joblessness hovers around 50%. Official corruption remains endemic.

As El Salvador slips backward toward the violence and chaos that characterized the country in the early 1980s, it seems plain that Washington's democratic experiment has failed. At best, the U.S. has leased a democracy in El Salvador that will struggle on only as long as Washington continues to pay the rent and Salvadoran officials agree to play along. (ARENA has already asserted that it does not intend to bow to U.S. demands even if it means a drastic reduction of aid.) The U.S. did Duarte no favor by emphasizing the fight against Communist guerrillas instead of reinforcing his agenda for reconciliation, economic growth and social reform. Washington also held Duarte—and others in Central America—to the pluralistic standards of North America at a time when the Latin tradition of the caudillo, or strongman, might have proved more effective. "The U.S. wants to use the rules of Anglo-Saxon culture to bring about changes in Latin culture," says Emilio Alvarez, an ophthalmologist in Managua. "It hasn't worked, and it won't work."

If the Reagan Administration founded on its own best intentions in El Salvador, it allowed ideological zeal to hamper its approach to Nicaragua. For all the talk of a diplomatic track, it wanted nothing less than to topple the Sandinista government. But the Administration, says Wayne Smith, a Latin affairs expert at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, "was sailing between the Scylla of no more Cubas and the Charyb-

dis of no more Viet Nams." Unwilling either to tolerate a Soviet buildup or to commit its own troops, Washington tried to wage war on the cheap by backing the *contras*. The result was a confused policy in which ends and means never quite matched up. "We were saying that there was a major Soviet-Cuban military menace on the mainland," says an Administration veteran of the *contra* political battles. "If we believed our own rhetoric, then we should have dispatched the 82nd Airborne."

Wishful thinking also gave way to misguided policy. Although guerrilla insurrections require years of patient political organization, the CIA stepped up the *contra* effort long before an underground support network was in place. That left the *contras* totally dependent on U.S. supply flights. When Congress turned off the aid spigot, the rebels were forced to retreat to base camps in Honduras. The men Reagan hailed as "the moral equivalent of our Founding Fathers" were reduced to little more than welfare recipients.

What is the next Administration to do? First, it should assume what present Administration and *contra* officials admit among themselves: since neither Latin nor North Americans have the stomach for a protracted fight, the *contras* are never going to topple the Sandinistas. Prolonging the insurgency only allows the Sandinistas to excuse their own incompetence and repressive tactics. This does not mean that the U.S. should forsake its responsibility to the *contras*. The U.S. has an obligation to help resettle those who cannot be reintegrated into Nicaragua's political life.

go, but only if the Sandinistas allow free enterprise to flourish and become far more tolerant of dissent. "We've used the stick about as much as we can," says a State Department official. "Now it may be time to try some carrots."

The U.S. must renew serious diplomatic efforts in the region and encourage multinational attempts to forge a Central American peace settlement. Such an approach would be a logical extension of Washington's diplomatic efforts elsewhere. Says Joaquin Villalobos, a Salvadoran rebel leader: "There is a worldwide negotiations process to which the U.S. has committed itself in Afghanistan, Angola and Cambodia. Why can't the Administration play a real role in Central America?"

The U.S. must face the harsh reality that if the region's current economic conditions prevail, the outlook ahead is for more poverty, more instability, more violence. The U.S. might spearhead an international consortium of aid that would be applied to social reform and economic growth. The key here is to address the debilitating poverty that is endemic to the region. Only then is there hope of starving popular support for Central America's Communist insurrections.

Finally, the next Administration should not rely solely on the naive if idealistic notion that the seeds of U.S.-style democracy can easily take root in Central America. It is in the interest of the U.S. both morally and strategically, to encourage the governments of Central America toward more humane and pluralistic values. But ultimately, the Central Americans must be the arbiters of their own fate.

—Reported by Ricardo Chavira/
Washington and John Moody/Managua

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BURMA

"A Nakedly Military Government"

As the regime applies cosmetics, the people struggle to organize

BY JAY BRANEGAN RANGOON

In Rangoon, one of Southeast Asia's more dilapidated capitals, workmen are busily scrubbing years of grime from the curbstones. Newly painted red-and-white pavement glistens, and gardeners are trimming shrubs in Maha Bandoola Park, next to the Sule Pagoda. All that effort by Burma's seven-week-old military government is part of an official campaign to "Keep Rangoon Pleasant." The cleanup is an attempt to polish the military's tarnished image—and that has doomed it from the start. "They think we will like them if they clean up the city," says a shop clerk on Merchant Street. "We will never forget or forgive what they have done."

The military leadership is almost universally despised since its ruthless suppression of what became known, in a variation on Czechoslovakia's Prague Spring, as the "Rangoon Fall." Western diplomats estimate that troops killed some 2,000 unarmed civilians in street clashes following the takeover by General Saw Maung, who took power in a coup last September. Since then, more students and other protesters have been arrested or shot. Government employees deemed sympathetic to the democracy movement are being purged from their jobs. Troops are everywhere, even in the compound of the Shwedagon Pagoda, Burma's holiest shrine. "They have stripped away the pseudosocialist camouflage that [former President] Ne Win put over the army in the 1970s," says a Western observer in Rangoon. "It has always been a military government. Now it's a nakedly military government."

Under the guns, Rangoon is returning to normal, at least on the surface. Stores are open, tea shops are busy, and hopelessly overcrowded buses lumber unsteadily through the streets. But the mood is sullen. "We are like a dormant volcano: calm on the outside, boiling inside," says a government worker. A group of monks has circulated a leaflet calling for a peaceful protest this week unless the generals set up an interim civilian government, and there were reports that some monks had been arrested. A 9-p.m.-to-4-a.m. curfew is strictly enforced. Prices have risen by 100% or more on most goods. Gasoline is in short supply: filling stations are under armed guard, and buses are checked by soldiers to keep the drivers from selling

their fuel ration on the black market.

While maintaining a choke hold on the country, the government talks up economic reform and democratic elections, as yet unscheduled but expected to be held in February or March. Newspapers are filled with announcements, widely ignored or disbelieved, of new rules encouraging private enterprise and foreign in-

"parallel government," consisting of old officials like himself. Even the former ruling Burma Socialist Program Party has transformed itself into something called the National Unity Party.

Burmese dismiss fears that the profusion of political banners might indicate a dangerously splintered opposition. "By the time of elections, there will be only three or four choices," predicts La Kyi, a leader of the Arakan League for Democracy, one of a score of ethnic minority parties that have sprung into existence. Some alliances have already formed, and interparty cooperation is growing; two



Bitter memories: barbed wire outside Sule Pagoda underscores continuing discontent

vestment, and Burma is no longer officially termed a socialist republic.

After 26 years of one-party rule, new political groups have been forming at an astonishing rate: as of last week, more than 100 were registered. Volunteers compile membership lists, sell buttons and recruit organizers, even though the government harasses and sometimes detains lower-level party workers. The most prominent party, the National League for Democracy, which claims a membership of 450,000, is a coalition of convenience for three of the best-known opposition figures: former Generals Aung Gyi and Tin Oo, and the highly popular Aung San Suu Kyi, the British-educated daughter of independence hero Aung San.

While some of the students who participated in the Rangoon Fall demonstrations have gone underground, others have formed political organizations. Foremost among them is the Democratic Party for New Society, which says it has 100,000 members. Former Prime Minister U Nu, ousted by Ne Win in 1962, has declared a

weeks ago, for example, 43 parties sent a petition to the military, demanding formation of an interim government.

Despite the activity, few believe that in the end the military will allow truly free elections: preparing for that possibility, the opposition parties say they will not take part in any balloting under current repressive conditions. "We are trying to change the government without bloodshed," says Moe Thi Zun, 26, head of the Democratic Party for New Society. "If the government won't accept that, we will have to try something else, but we will not retreat."

There is a widespread conviction that the regime cannot survive for long—at best until the rice harvest early next year. The government has virtually no foreign reserves. Exports have almost vanished. Western governments and Japan have cut off all their assistance, which is necessary to supply the military and maintain the decrepit industrial plant, while ethnic insurgents are applying pressure along the borders. "Logically, the government cannot hold on," says a young Burmese intellectual. "Unfortunately, there's not much logic in this government."

Getting into High Gear

Passions brim over in the first free elections in eleven years

The roar of more than 10,000 cheering voices vibrated in the air as the train pulled into view of Gujranwala, a farming and industrial center in the northeast state of Punjab. Red-black-and-green banners embossed with the arrow of the Pakistan People's Party (P.P.P.) fluttered overhead. The chant "Benazir, Prime Minister!" crescendoed as Benazir Bhutto, 35, stepped onto the platform. Holding high the party's manifesto, the candidate declared, "You have a chance to decide the future. Vote for the arrow aimed at the heart of injustice."

At whistle-stops across the country, similar scenes were played out last week as candidates for the Nov. 16 national elections revved campaign machinery into high gear. While Bhutto and her mother, Begum Nusrat Bhutto, crisscrossed the country, their opponents in the powerful Islamic Democratic Alliance, a nine-party coalition that controls the national caretaker government under President Ghulam Ishaq Khan, called out impressive processions of supporters in major cities. For the first time since 1977, Pakistan was immersed in a national campaign with the participation of all political parties.



On a roll: Bhutto greets the cheering throngs

The outpouring of democratic energy is the legacy of President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq's July announcement of elections and a Supreme Court ruling on Oct. 2 allowing political parties to participate fully in the races. The Supreme Court decision followed the mysterious death of Zia in an airplane explosion in August, eleven years after he seized power. The elections will give Bhutto the long-awaited opportunity to return her party to the ruling position it held from 1971 until 1977, when Zia overthrew her father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, in a coup. Zia subsequently permitted Bhutto's execution to take place in 1979.

Benazir Bhutto's campaign had bare-

ly got off the ground two weeks ago, when she came down with a kidney infection, little more than a month after giving birth to a son, Bilawal. But Bhutto's opponents have their own problems. The leading member of the Alliance is the Pakistan Muslim League, which dominated the National Assembly under Zia. Though the League has held on all four previous elections, it lacks a national leader.

Bhutto mixes appeals to virtually every segment of Pakistani society with sharp attacks on the Muslim League for collaborating in Zia's authoritarian rule. Rejecting the socialist policies associated with her father, Bhutto proposes to end poverty through economic growth rather than by taxing the rich. At the same time, she has made it clear that there will be no witch-hunts in the army if she is elected. Bhutto promises to maintain good relations with the U.S. and says she will uphold Pakistan's pledge to aid the *mujahedin* rebels in Afghanistan. Alliance candidates, for their part, intend to play on bad memories among Pakistanis of her father's administration, which ended in turmoil after the government allegedly rigged elections in 1977.

To head off P.P.P. charges of election fraud this time around, the government is taking special measures to guarantee a fair vote. Judicial officers will supervise polling stations, and are empowered to order the arrest of anyone accused of irregularities. It remains to be seen whether such steps will ensure the victory of an honest mandate after 25 years of intermittent military law and emergency rule. —By Edward W. Desmond/Gujarawala

Grapevine



PHOTOGRAPH BY GENE KOLSTAD

George the optimist

... AND I'M SANTA CLAUS. Don't tell George Shultz that he's in a lame duck Administration. He exploded when White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater told reporters that another summit between President Reagan and Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev had been "completely ruled out." Telephoning Fitzwater, Shultz said, "There's always a chance."

SEARCH FOR THE PROMISED LAND.

In 1985 Israel airlifted 7,000 Ethiopian Jews out of the Sudan, where they had gone to refugee camps. Because of hostile relations between Israel and Ethiopia, Operation Moses was carried out in secrecy. But negotiations have begun to bring 20,000 additional black Jews to Israel from Ethiopia, this time with the help of Ethiopian President Mengistu Haile Mariam. Mengistu's price: Israeli military aid against rebels in Eritrea.

BUG LITE. No wonder Washington wants to tear down the new U.S. embassy in Moscow. In looking for KGB-planted bugs, the CIA discovered evidence of new high-tech spy equipment, including a device like a Roto-Rooter that en-

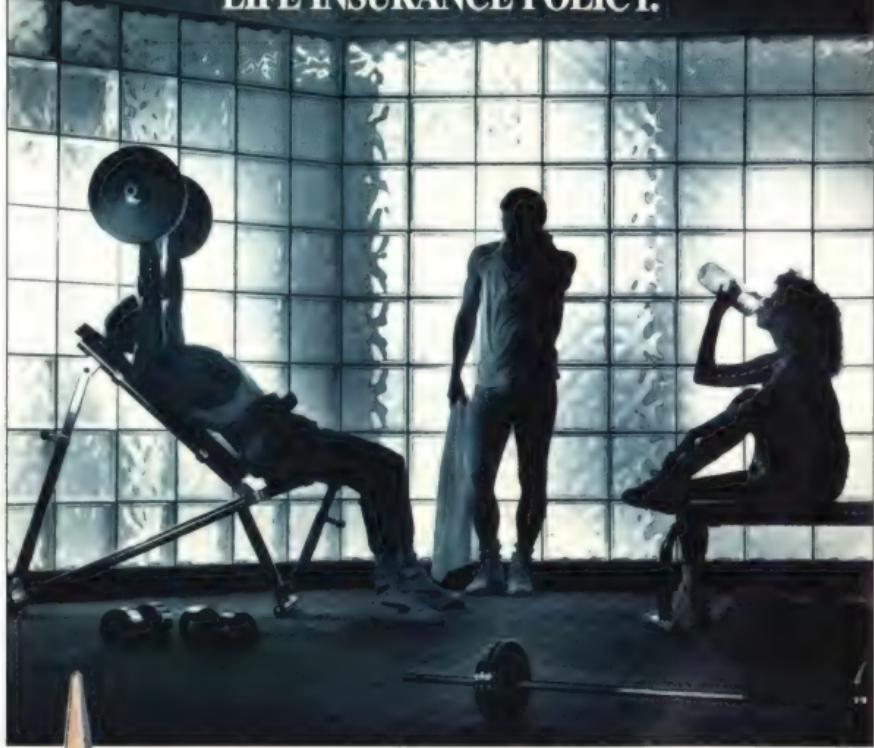
ables Soviet spooks to install microphones in a wall by drilling into a building from underground. But CIA analysts are puzzled over a suspicious object found in a concrete column: a beer bottle. Is it some sort of bug, or merely a brewski chugged and chucked by a Soviet workman? No one is sure.

DON'T VOTE FOR ME, ARGENTINA. Isabel Perón's temporary return from exile in Spain is making politicians nervous as the country's presidential campaign gets under way. Memories of her chaotic rule in the 1970s are so painful that she has been shunned by Carlos Saúl Menem, candidate of the Peronist Party, named after Isabel's late husband Juan. Mrs. Perón, however, is more interested in family affairs than politics. Among other things, she is trying to retrieve \$40,000 in proceeds from the sale of three of Perón's homes. But her claim is being contested by the family of Evita, Juan's other—and far more popular—spouse.



The return of Isabel

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World Notes

POACHING

Night of The Rhino

The killers often attack under cover of darkness, shooting their victims in cold blood and hacking off their horns before disappearing into the night. In Kenya's Meru National Park two weeks ago, 10 heavily armed poachers slaughtered five rhinoceroses and traded gunfire with park wardens before making their getaway.

The incident, in which at least two wardens were wounded, was the latest skirmish in a war that has pitted a growing army of rhino and elephant poachers against an out-gunned force of rangers and police. The lure for poachers is great: prized in Asia as an aphrodisiac and in Yemen for making dagger handles, a single rhino horn can fetch as much as \$24,000.



Bloody murder: an outcry of concern for an endangered species

Meanwhile, the legal market for elephant ivory is on the increase. "Our fear is that the recent resurgence in heavy poaching of elephants may spill over onto black rhino," says David Western, director of Wildlife Conservation International. In Kenya alone the black-rhino population has dwindled from 20,000

in 1970 to only 450 today.

After poachers killed three rangers last August, Kenyan President Daniel arap Moi issued a shoot-on-sight policy. But wildlife experts are concerned that as long as trade in ivory and rhino horn continues, the government is destined to lose its battle to stop the butchery. ■

BROADCASTING

The Beeb Lightens Up

"We were verging on the pompous," says John Tusa, managing director for the World Service of the British Broadcasting Corp. So, to compete with TV and satellite broadcasts, the BBC has updated its venerable radio World Service with a format a spokesman cautiously calls "a bit more relaxed, a bit less formal." A bit. The 25 million addicts around the globe can still tune in to the World Service's news broadcasts, long noted for the accuracy of their reporting, but the format will be slightly less stuffy. Announcers will address correspondents with more informality, as in "Tony, thanks very much." Colloquialisms are also being sprinkled into the news. The clash in Poland between the government and the banned Solidarity union, for instance, was uncharacteristically called "a bareknuckle fight."

BBC dictation standards will not relax. For 56 years the carefully pronounced speech heard on the World Service has been the ultimate model for listeners learning English as a second language. The fa-

LEITH DAVIS



Sakharov: first visit to the U.S.

SOVIET UNION

The Dissident Comes Calling

The scene would have been unimaginable just a few years ago: Andrei Sakharov, 67, for years one of the Soviet Union's most famous dissidents, on U.S. soil. The Nobel Peace prizewinner and ex-prisoner of Gorky arrived in Boston last week on his first trip outside the Soviet Union and declared himself a "freer man." A supporter of *perestroika* since his

release from internal exile two years ago by Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev, Sakharov was traveling with official approval and a blue VIP passport. At a press conference he urged the U.S. to back Gorbachev's reforms.

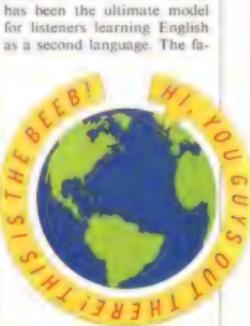
But as ever, Sakharov's first concern was human rights. He used his maiden appearance in the West to press the case of political prisoner Vazif Meylanov, a mathematician jailed after demonstrating for Sakharov's freedom. "It is my duty now, at this moment, to remember this man and many others who remain in prison," said Sakharov. Nor has Sakharov given up criticizing his country's regime. Five days before leaving Moscow for the U.S., where he is visiting relatives in Massachusetts and attending a meeting in Washington of the International Foundation for the Survival and Development of Humanity, he warned that proposed changes in the Soviet political system would create a dangerous monopoly of power. Said Sakharov: "Today it will be Gorbachev. Tomorrow it may be somebody else." ■

SOUTH AFRICA

Giving As Good As He Got

South Africa's government and foreign journalists have been at swords' points since 1986 laws declaring a state of emergency squelched most reporting on racial unrest. So Foreign Minister Roelof ("Pik") Botha should hardly have been surprised when the Foreign Correspondents Association's annual banquet last week turned into an angry slanging match Botha gave as good as he got.

"I am sick and tired of a lot of foreign representatives descending on my country and picking up all the dirty work instead of all the beauty, promise and goodwill," Botha said. Amid hisses and catcalls, he refused to accept the traditional vote of thanks and quoted instead from a speech by Boer War leader Paul Kruger to a group of foreigners. "His opening words were 'Friends, citizens, thieves and enemies,'" said Botha. "And that is how I look upon you this evening." ■



miliar opener for *Radio Newsreel*—a brassy rendition of *Imperial Echoes*, with its resonance of a colonial past—is gone and may not be missed. But news programs will still be introduced with a revered sound: the bouncy tune of the Irish song *Lilliburlero* and the muffled chimes of Big Ben. ■

All the World's a Stage

And, lately, so are some Manhattan courtrooms

This year's Broadway season has got off to a sluggish start. That may help explain why the best theater in New York City last week was not along the Great White Way but on Centre Street, the stretch of lower Manhattan where the city, state and federal courthouses are clustered. Three legal proceedings under way there have drawn SRO crowds. One stars the 1945 Miss America, Bess Myerson, though she has been upstaged by the gabby daughter of a local judge, testifying for the prosecution. The second, unfolding as a sordid tragedy, centers on Joel Steinberg, a disbarred attorney accused of beating to death six-year-old Lisa, a child he had raised but never formally adopted. And, in a brief personal appearance, former Philippine First Lady Imelda Marcos swept into court swathed in silk.

In the courtrooms the spectators' galleries are filled every day with pensioners, law students and secretaries who put office life on hold to hear accounts of greed and cruelty or to see the rich and famous sent plunging down the slots of institutional justice. They flaunt their detailed knowledge of the cases and refer to the central figures by their first names. They have come to hear riveting testimony or to see "star lawyering." They have flocked to peer at Myerson. ("She's marvelous-looking!" exclaims Sam Margolis, 71, a retired school principal.) Others come because the courthouse scene has become a part of the New York itinerary. "We've already seen the Statue of Liberty, the Broadway plays and Radio City Music Hall," explains Audrey Fitzgerald, 58, a spectator at the Steinberg trial. "We love the judge," adds her friend Carole Sanders, 48. "He keeps it moving."

Last week began with the arraignment of Imelda Marcos, who left her Hawaiian retreat to plead not guilty to charges that she and her husband, the deposed Philippine President, embezzled \$103 million from their nation's treasury. Mrs. Marcos could give Bette Midler tips on making

an entrance. She swept into U.S. district court in nothing less bewitching than a floor-length turquoise gown, a silk-and-chiffon *nero* that is traditional Philippine wear. As she hoisted her presence up the courthouse steps, packs of demonstrators reared up to denounce her as the blood-sucker of the Philippine people. One woman bared false vampire fangs.



There she is, Miss America: defendant Myerson, above, was upstaged by Sukhreet

At the same courthouse last week, Judge John Keenan continued hearing testimony in the trial of Bess Myerson, 64, her lover Carl Capasso, 43, and former State Judge Hortense Gabel, who once presided over Capasso's divorce case. Myerson, formerly New York City cultural-affairs commissioner, is accused of putting Gabel's daughter Sukhreet on the public payroll in order to get Gabel to lower Capasso's alimony payments.

Many New Yorkers seem less offended by Myerson's alleged misdeeds than by the behavior of Sukhreet, 39, who cheerfully testified for eight days against her 75-year-old mother. "This is what she wanted her whole life, to be an actress. She doesn't care who she's hurting," says Warren Shalit, 58, a retired warehouse manager and connoisseur of trials.

Some spectators divide their time between the Myerson and Steinberg courtrooms, hurrying from

the ornate federal chambers to the scuffed and grimy criminal courtrooms two blocks away. "The Myerson trial is political comedy," says Robert Comeau, 71, a retired maintenance man. "This is a serious drama." Much of the fascination is with Steinberg, who seems to strike many observers in the public galleries as the personification of evil. He watches the proceedings intently, taking notes and exchanging pointers with his lawyers. Asks Creighton Pickering, 20, a photography student: "What ever possessed him?" Others come with thoughts of Lisa in mind. "I have an adopted son," says Spencer Compton, 37, a law student.

"It makes me feel frustrated that the system has holes in it that would allow this to occur."

The chief witness against Steinberg, 47, is his companion of more than a dozen years, Hilda Nussbaum, 46, a one-time children's book editor whom Steinberg is alleged to have brutally battered. Last week the courtroom was riveted by a prosecutor's videotape made of Nussbaum after the pair were arrested last year. It showed a woman with the blank gaze of a zombie, covered with scars and bruises, her right leg bearing green ulcerations, and with several bones and joints mis-

shapen from injuries that were never properly treated. Sitting up front every day, just behind Joel Steinberg, is Michelle Launders, 27, Lisa's natural mother. She was 19, pregnant and single in 1980 when, she says, she paid Steinberg \$500 to arrange for her child to be adopted. Unbeknown to her, Steinberg kept the girl himself. Last week marked the first anniversary of her daughter's death. Staying away from the trial was impossible, says Launders: "This is something I had to do."

At the Myerson trial, some regulars gather at the end of each day in front of the courthouse, hoping to glimpse Myerson on the way out. But like many a star, she usually eludes her public by slipping through a back door. Frieda Nuss, 58, a bookkeeper from Brooklyn, sighs at the thought that Myerson might be guilty: "She could have enjoyed her twilight years." At least everyone else is enjoying them. And in January the real estate moguls Leona and Harry Helmsley—the billionaires New Yorkers love to hate—are scheduled to come to trial for income-tax evasion. Will Broadway have anything to compare?

—By Richard Lacayo.

Reported by Andrea Sachs/New York



Accused killer Steinberg

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Best Friends Forever

The art of conversation: fourth in a series

by Bob Greene

"You know that road that goes by the Holmes?" Jack said.

"The same road that passes the entrance to the amusement park?" I said.

"Yeah," Jack said. "There's this bypass now. They've really rerouted things."

"So you didn't go by the Holmes?" I said.

"We just didn't do it," Jack said. "We just got back on the highway."

Jack Roth is my best friend and he has been since we were five years old in kindergarten. Now we are each forty-one. We grew up in the middle of Ohio. Jack and his family lived in a house on Ardmore Road, and by the side of the house there was a slope of grass that led down to the sidewalk. Day after day Jack and I would charge up that slope, pretending that we were Audie Murphy. In our minds the slope was steep and treacherous; in our minds we were brave soldiers, and Audie Murphy was the bravest soldier we had ever heard of. When you're five you can be as brave as you want, and still be home in time for dinner.

"I don't know if it's even called the Holmes anymore," said the forty-one-year-old Jack.

"It's not," I said. "I checked once. It's called the Vacation Inn."

When Jack and I were seventeen, we and another friend drove up to Sandusky, on the northern tip of Ohio bordering Lake Erie. It was the week before our senior year in

high school. The Cedar Point amusement park was in Sandusky. We stayed in a room at a little motel called the Holmes. I think it was probably the first time we had ever rented a room. The Holmes had a pebble courtyard and a pool in the back.

"The Vacation Inn?" Jack said. "The Holmes—the Vacation Inn?"

"I know," I said. "Weird, isn't it?"

The forty-one-year-old Jack had just returned from Sandusky—had just returned from Cedar Point. We were talking about it.

"Did you drive over to Gem Beach?" I said.

"Yeah," Jack said. "I think it's twenty, twenty-one miles from Sandusky. I can't believe that we used to drive that far and back every night."

But we had. That summer—the summer before senior year—we had driven to Gem Beach every evening because there was a big wooden pavilion there, and there were dances in the pavilion, and we thought we might be able to meet some girls.

"What did you think about when you got to Gem Beach?" I said.

"I mostly tried to explain it to my daughter," Jack said.

I guess I knew that Jack had taken his wife and nine-year-old daughter on the trip, but it hadn't registered until he said it.

"What did you tell her?" I said. "Just that we used to go to dances

at Gem Beach," Jack said. "I'm not sure she really understood. She's just starting to notice boys. There are these two boys in her class—and they're us."

"What do you mean they're us?" I said.

"They're us," Jack said. "They spend all their time together they run around the playground together—they're us. They even look like us. They're not real big kids, and they're not tiny. They're a little bit bigger than small. They're us."

Jack still lives in the town where we grew up—over on Stanwood, less than a mile from the old house on Ardmore, the one with the Audie Murphy hill. I don't live in the town now; although there are many times I wish I did. Jack and I are each forty-one, and we have been best friends for thirty-six years, and I don't think that there's a week when we don't talk on the phone. When you've been best friends for that long, you're allowed to talk in shorthand. The words you say mean nothing and they mean everything. When you've been best friends for that long, you can almost see inside each other's minds.

Bob Greene

Syndicated columnist and best-selling author Bob Greene's new book, *Homecoming*, will be published in January by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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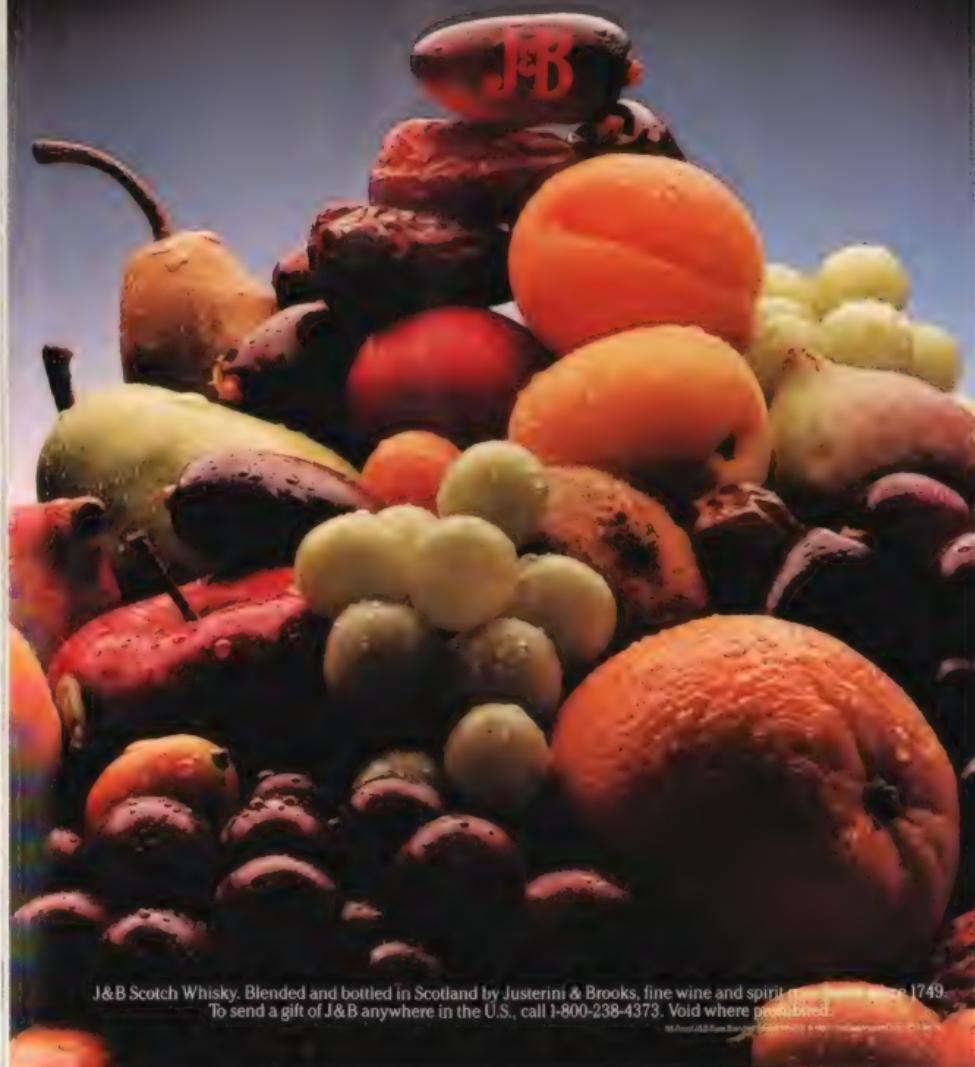
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Two Wolf Men Go Wild in The High Arctic

A scientist and a photographer share the harsh life of the pack

BY EUGENE LINDEN

Ellesmere, a Canadian island just 500 miles south of the North Pole, is a beautiful but forbidding world where the summer sun is candlelight soft and few living things can survive. It is also one of the last places on earth where the wolf roams unthreatened by man. In 1986 two men, biologist L. David Mech and photographer Jim Brandenburg, set out for Ellesmere to do what no one had ever done: live with a wild-wolf pack. Achieving all they had hoped for and more, Mech and Brandenburg managed to set up camp next to a wolf den and, most astonishingly, accompany the pack during hunts. Sponsored by the National Geographic Society, Mech and Brandenburg went back the next year with a film crew to give the world its first close-up view of life among the Arctic wolves.

The story of those remarkable summers is told in a pair of picture-filled books to be published this month: Mech's *The Arctic Wolf: Living with the Pack* (Voyageur Press, \$24.95) and Brandenburg's *White Wolf: Living with an Arctic Legend* (NorthWord Press, \$40). Later this fall Brandenburg's film documentary of the second expedition will air as a National Geographic TV special. These portraits of the Arctic wolf will surprise many readers and viewers. For all its vaunted prowess as a fierce predator, the wolf leads a tough life and relies on complex social behavior to survive.

Despite the unforgiving conditions of the High Arctic, Mech and Brandenburg discovered that the Ellesmere wolves are secure, unlike their brethren elsewhere. Except for parts of Canada, Alaska and Minnesota, *Canis lupus* has all but vanished from North America. Wolves have been killed as a result of their exaggerated reputation as plunderers of livestock or just because people hate and fear them.

In recent years, however, a growing body of literature, notably Barry Lopez's *Of Wolves and Men* and R. D. Lawrence's *In Praise of Wolves*, has tried to rehabilitate the wolf's reputation. But specialists have been forced to study shy wild animals from a distance. No one actually lived with a wild-wolf pack and returned



For all its prowess as a predator, the wolf fails in its hunt many more times than it succeeds

At first, the men spent much of their time groveling, trying to win the animals' acceptance.

with photographs to prove it until Mech and Brandenburg traveled to Ellesmere.

Soon after establishing a base on the Kansas-size island, the men approached a pack. Mech immediately dropped flat on his belly and began whining loudly, both to get the wolves' attention and to convince them that he was no threat. For the next few days Mech and Brandenburg spent much of their time groveling, trying to win the wolves' acceptance. Eventually, the pack allowed the men to set up tents within 200 ft. of its den.

As Mech and Brandenburg got to know the pack, they gave each wolf a name. Among them were Scruffy, a playful yearling who was picked on by his elders, and Mom, an easygoing female. At one point, Mom calmly watched as her puffed-up pups scrambled over Mech's feet, untangling his shoelaces. Later, Brandenburg entered the den and photographed the babies while Mom waited outside.

Wolf experts have long known that a pack has a social structure, but Mech and Brandenburg got to observe it intimately. The pack is led by a dominant, "alpha," male and female, and every other wolf knows its place in the chain of command. Much of wolf home life is focused on

teaching the pups to be competitive, while at the same time schooling them in the social graces of the hierarchy.

For Mech and Brandenburg, the most enthralling moments came when the pack was on the prowl. Despite their hunting skills, wolves can go hungry during days and even weeks of unsuccessful chases. Even when wolves do catch up with musk oxen or caribou, they sometimes get only kicked or gored for their trouble.

On one memorable evening, Mech and Brandenburg boarded their Suzuki all-terrain vehicles and followed the pack on a hunt. Conserving their energy, the predators picked their targets carefully. When the wolves came across a herd of musk oxen that seemed healthy, they made only cursory charges before resting and moving on. This pattern continued for hours until one herd bolted for higher ground. Immediately, the wolves wheeled and raced into the group, successfully isolating one unfortunate calf, and then two others. The pack quickly tore apart the bleating oxen. On a later hunt, Mech saw something never before witnessed: after each wolf ate his initial share, the subordinate males adopted submissive postures and almost seemed to beg the alpha wolf to be allowed another portion.

Friends for 18 years, Mech and Brandenburg endured the rigors of Ellesmere together only to have a falling-out after returning to the U.S. The two had originally planned to collaborate on a book but could not agree on how to split royalties. The result: two books that deal with the same animals and anecdotes but only grudgingly mention the other man's presence in the expeditions. *Reported by Clare Meade Rosen/Minneapolis*



Former friends: Mech and Brandenburg

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A Modest Proposal

If Bush raises taxes just a little, the U.S. may grow out of its deficit

BY ANDREW TOBIAS

O.K., he's President. Read my lips: he ought to raise taxes. *But not much!* What's called for is not something so dramatic as to throw the economy into recession. That's the last way to lower the deficit. What's called for is a tax hike that would raise some money (I'll get specific in a minute) and that would lower interest rates by showing the financial markets we have the will to attack the deficit (but the wisdom not to shoot ourselves in the head by attacking it too hard). Lower interest rates would cut the deficit still further.

These two bites—\$40 billion or so from a tax hike and perhaps an additional \$10 billion or \$20 billion from lower interest rates—would not wipe out the deficit. But we don't need to wipe out the deficit. At least not by raising taxes. And certainly not by legislating a balanced-budget amendment. And especially not by cutting investment in our future.

The way to wipe out the deficit is to grow our way out of it. Hold the line on Government spending while the economy grows and gradually throws off more tax revenue. Money for new programs should come from trimming waste from old ones.

While cutting the deficit to zero is something to shoot for, it's not critical. Growing families or businesses or nations have a legitimate need to borrow if they're investing in the future. It makes sense to borrow for education, research, equipment and infrastructure that will make us more productive. We would be insane to stint in these areas. Is NASA a place to cut back? Hardly. NASA and high-tech programs like it are engines of our economic future. If we lose our technological edge, we've lost our economic future.

THE 7% SOLUTION

Say we had real growth of 3.5% a year and inflation of a further 3.5% (just suppose). That would mean an economy growing at 7% a year—half real, half in-

flation. What would that mean for the \$2.5 trillion national debt?

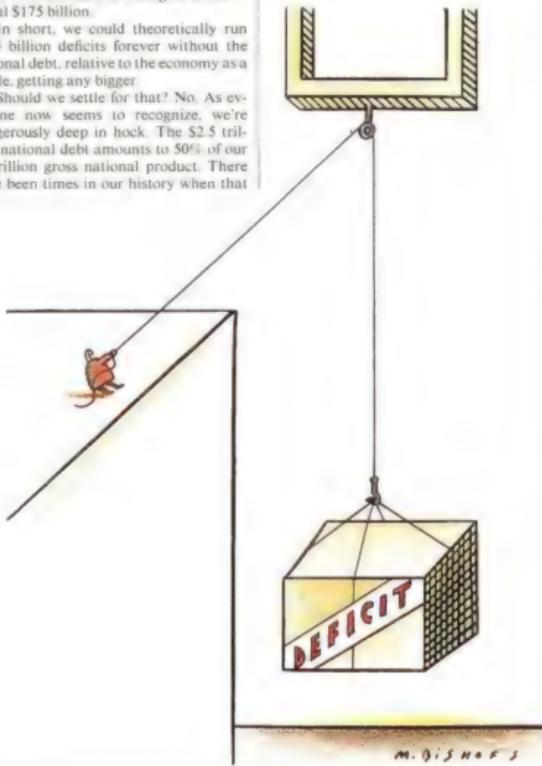
It would mean the debt could also grow 7% a year without getting any bigger relative to the economy as a whole. Both would be growing at 7%, just as with a family whose income goes up a bit each year and therefore feels it can afford to take on a little more debt. Except that in the case of the U.S. economy, still the largest in the world, taking on an extra 7% in debt amounts to taking on an additional \$175 billion.

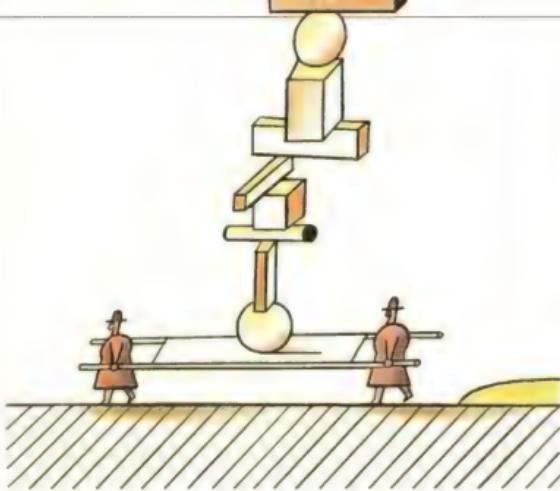
In short, we could theoretically run \$175 billion deficits forever without the national debt, relative to the economy as a whole, getting any bigger.

Should we settle for that? No. As everyone now seems to recognize, we're dangerously deep in hock. The \$2.5 trillion national debt amounts to 50% of our \$5 trillion gross national product. There have been times in our history when that

percentage was much higher and we did just fine growing our way out of the problem—World War II sent the ratio of debt up to 127% of GNP—so don't believe the people who tell you we're doomed. But we're nonetheless well into the discomfort zone. We've got to whittle away gradually at the ratio.

How? By seeing the debt grow *less fast* than





the economy. Imagine an average annual deficit of \$90 billion a year for the next ten years. Sounds horrendous, no? Yet under the scenario above, after ten years of 7% growth in both the economy and the debt, GNP would double from \$5 trillion to \$10 trillion; the national debt would grow from \$2.5 trillion to \$3.4 trillion. It would then represent not 50% of our GNP, as it does now, but 34%. After another ten years, under 25%. Of course, the world doesn't work so neatly. For one thing, it runs in cycles, not straight lines. (For another, we'd like inflation to be even less than 3.5% a year. Zero is the goal.) But on average, 7% expansion of the economy, between real growth and inflation, may not be unrealistic at all. With the dollar low, real growth could remain strong, as we're kept busy producing things for the foreigners who increasingly find our wares a bargain. And inflation, regrettably, might even exceed 3.5% (as it has in every year but one of the past 14).

This is not for a moment to say we should shoot for a \$90 billion deficit each year. If we do, we'll end up getting \$120 billion deficits in good years and \$350 billion deficits in recessions. (Yes, someday there will be another recession—and real soon, if we raise taxes too much or slash Government spending in a misguided attempt to balance the budget abruptly.)

Still, by steadily leaning against the wind, we can gradually shrink the national debt as a proportion of the overall economy.

Leaning against the wind is not dramatic or flashy. It's just sensible, slow-but-steady improvement.

It means restraining spending, on the one hand, and raising taxes a bit, on the other. Restraining spending is the more

important of the two, because we are an imaginative people. No matter how much tax we collect, we will always be able to think of ways to spend more. It's the job of our leaders (if you can call members of Congress leaders) to impose the kind of discipline and make the kind of tough choices that any responsible businessman or head of household would. This is not to say no debt: a medical student can sensibly take on debt for his or her education, a family to buy a home, a business to build a new plant. But it's to say no stupid, self-indulgent debt: debt to buy a \$25,000 car or construct posh new offices. Expensive cars are terrific when they're within your means, but not when you have to forgo the IRA contribution or saving for your kids' education. Plush offices are O.K. when they're in scale with a business's size and success, but are not nearly so effective as funds spent on research and development and on the capital equipment needed to make the company more competitive in world markets.

Congress leans against the wind about as firmly as a kite, but at least it recognizes its problem and has passed the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings bill, which prescribes annual cuts in the deficit. It would be unwise to follow those prescribed cuts blindly. But it would be equally unwise and impolitic to stray too far from them. The people want lower deficits.

Which brings us to the other half of the equation.

THE SMART WAY TO RAISE TAXES

This is tricky not just because it's politically unpalatable. Even for a dictator it would be tricky, because raising *tax rates* does not necessarily raise more *revenue*. Raise capital-gains rates to 100%, say,

and far from raising *more* tax revenue you would raise virtually *no* tax revenue: no one would sell anything in which he or she had a profit; he'd just hold on until some sensible politicians came along and lowered the rates.* Impose a tax on securities transactions, and you simply drive the securities business to London and Tokyo. Ultimately, you'd only enrich the British and Japanese. Raise corporate tax rates past a certain point (not to say anyone knows exactly where that point is), and what you gain in revenue now you'd lose later—by draining from corporations the money they could spend to expand and grow, and by making America a less attractive place for anyone, Americans or foreigners, to invest.

So it's not easy. And the popular thing ("Let's stick it to IBM, they can afford it!") is not always the smart thing (taking money from IBM for Congress to spend presumes Congress can spend it more effectively than IBM). What's needed is tax hikes that, first, would actually raise more revenue, and, second, are so fair and just and sensible they virtually scream to be introduced.

Here are four. They should be enacted as a package. Together they'd raise \$40 billion in taxes, cutting the deficit by nearly a third. The lower interest rates that would probably result would cut the deficit still further—and keep the economy rolling to take some of the sting out of the tax hikes.

First, raise *my* taxes. Under the current tax law, the top federal income-tax bracket is 28%, but above \$43,150 (or \$71,900 for joint returns) it effectively rises to 33% for a while and then drops back to 28%. Don't misunderstand. I *love* paying just 28%. (And at 28%, I pay a heck of a lot more than I ever did when the top rate was higher, because, far from trying anything stupid to shelter my income from taxes, I'm quite happy to send the Government its share.) But keeping the top rate at 33% instead of dropping it back to 28% seems to me, would not be perceived by most high earners as terribly unfair or unbearable. It would raise upwards of \$5 billion a year.

Second, raise my mother's taxes. My dad paid into Social Security for decades while he was alive, but nowhere near enough, even assuming it had been invested wisely, to throw off the kind of Social Security benefits my mother will receive over her lifetime. (We forget that as recently as 1977 the maximum contribution was only about \$1,000 a year. Throughout the 1950s and '60s, it ranged from \$45 to \$374.) If Social Security were all she had to live on, it would be unthinkable to ask her to take less. But because she has income above \$25,000 a year, half her Social

*This is why lowering the capital-gains rate back to 20%, at least on non-real estate assets, really might raise more revenue and encourage productive investment.

Security benefits will be subject to tax. Would it be cruel or unfair, when so many are homeless and when the Government is spending \$150 billion more each year than it has, to subject her full benefit to tax? Exposing both halves of the Social Security benefit to taxation for retirees with income over \$25,000 (just as we tax 100% of unemployment-insurance benefits and 100% of almost any other kind of income) is rough. But under the circumstances, it's sensible and fair. To a retiree earning \$25,000 or \$50,000 or \$100,000 from investments, the extra tax would sting, but it wouldn't bite. And it too would raise about \$5 billion in new revenue. Congressman Claude Pepper and the mighty American Association of Retired Persons should resist the urge to fight this if they really want to do right by their constituents—and their constituents' grandchildren.

Third, add an extra penny to the cost of each cigarette by way of an increased federal excise tax (currently eight-tenths of a penny). While it's hard not to sympathize with the addicted smoker, the cost of smoking to society, in medical care and

lost productivity, far exceeds the current tax on the product. That is, nonsmokers subsidize smokers. With a tax hike—this one would raise \$5 billion—they'd merely subsidize them less.

Finally, raise the excise tax on gasoline. A 25¢-per-gal. hike would raise about \$25 billion a year—but would still price our gasoline at well under half what it costs throughout Europe and Japan. When the U.S. was a net oil exporter and the world's dominant economic force, we could afford to be cavalier about cheap gasoline. But we're now in debt up to our eyeballs, and we're back to severe dependence on imported oil.

Where possible, you don't tax the things you want to encourage, like investment and work, which is why we should never let the top tax bracket creep back up past 33% (it was 70% as recently as 1981). But you do tax the things you'd like to discourage, like inefficient energy consumption (and its attendant pollution), reliance on imported oil (which threatens national security and worsens the trade deficit) and tobacco (widely recognized as the nation's

leading cause of preventable death).

The \$40 billion a year we'd raise from these four tax hikes would not be so large as to stifle economic growth, but it might encourage the world financial markets to lower our interest rates. Between the added tax revenue and lower interest on the national debt, the deficit would be cut more than a third. More to the point, there would be the reasonable prospect that the national debt would grow only about as fast as GNP. So, gradually, over the next decade we'd find ourselves on ever firmer ground.

For a retired chain smoker driving 1,000 miles a month and earning \$100,000 a year from investments plus another \$6,000 from Social Security, all four of these tax hikes would hit. Total: an extra \$1,800 (\$1,300 filing jointly). But look how much better he'd sleep knowing the economy was headed for solid ground, his investments were likely to gain, and his grandchildren likely to inherit a prosperous economy rather than decay, debt and decline.

Read my lips, Mr. President: sold right (and that's your job), this would not be an unpopular program. ■

Humbled but Raring to Go

Out of bankruptcy, Manville pays its dues to asbestos victims

When the Manville company entered bankruptcy in 1982, it was facing one of the worst product-liability disasters in history. Some 16,500 personal-injury lawsuits had been filed by industrial workers who claimed that they had developed lung cancer and other pulmonary diseases as a result of inhaling Manville-produced asbestos fibers. More than 50,000 other alleged victims were preparing to sue. Juries had already given damage awards of \$1 million to several individuals, so the company's potential liability was overwhelming. Even if the company were liquidated, the anticipated claims could not be paid.

Critics said that Manville was using Chapter 11 to duck its responsibilities. Yet as Manville (1987 sales: \$2.1 billion) emerges from bankruptcy this month, the 130-year-old company is winning praise—even from many of its victims. Under a complex reorganization plan, the company will pay out more than \$2.5 billion in claims over the next 27 years. Despite its monumental obligations, the company is in many ways stronger than ever before. Says Tom Stephens, 46, Manville's chief executive: "After six years



At an insulation factory, an inspector examines fiber-glass strands. A one-time paper-mill worker is the gunny-ho chief executive.

in the starting gate, we're raring to go."

To compensate victims, Manville will set up a personal injury settlement trust, funding it with \$2.6 billion in cash and bonds and up to 20% of its annual profits for nearly three decades. Manville will replace its 24 million outstanding shares of common stock with 48 million new shares, giving half to the trust (value: about \$400 million). Current stockholders, though, are out of luck: they will receive only one share of the new stock for every eight old shares they own.

To meet its obligations, Manville must squeeze every possible dollar out of its sales of fiber-glass insulation, forest products and industrial goods. During its bankruptcy, Manville slashed costs and reduced its 26,000-worker payroll by 8,000 employees. The firm shut down its asbestos mine, trimmed money-losing subsidiaries, and sold its headquarters building near Denver.

Results: the company, which lost \$45 million in 1985, made a \$73 million profit in 1987. Stephens credits middle managers who helped run the company while top executives were working on the reorganization plan. But the spotlight is on the gunny-ho Stephens, a one-time paper-mill worker who joined Manville nine years ago. As the company's chief financial officer, he was the architect of the reorganization and moved up to CEO in 1986.

Some investors are worried that Manville's huge obligations could sap its spending on research and capital improvements. But the company will spend \$150 million a year through 1991 to expand and modernize its plants. The streamlining has also produced an extra \$200 million in cash that the company may use for acquisitions. Stephens, who says he would like to teach college when he leaves Manville, will have an eventful corporate odyssey to recount for his students.

—By Janice Castro
Reported by S.C. Gwynne/Denver

Invasion of the Cachet Snatchers

Retailers tout house brands to boost profits and shopper loyalty

The names on the garment labels conjure up visions of croquet in the English countryside: Jennifer Moore, Christopher Hayes, Morgan Taylor, Charter Club by Jane Justin. The names seem perfectly suited to each designer's personal style as well. Moore proffers the pastel colors of the English garden in her pale pink skirts and sweaters. Taylor is known for undergarments, ranging from emerald green chemises to fuchsia-toned satin slips, which are sold in a boutique filled with Victorian-inspired lace and linen. What shoppers might be surprised to find out, though, is that these designers do not exist. Macy's has concocted these tony names for its own house brands. Private labels, as they are called in the industry, are manufactured by retailers and sold exclusively in their own department stores or specialty shops.

The fantasy is effective: private-label clothes have become a dominant and highly lucrative segment of the retailing industry. While department stores have long produced some house brands, many of them offered little more than staple merchandise like cotton-blend men's shirts in a few colors. Now the styles are proliferating so fast that they are pushing well-known designers off the racks. Major retailers today sell 600 different lines of private-label clothing, up from 250 five years ago, according to Kurt Salmon Associates, a consulting firm. House brands accounted for up to 20% of the \$125 billion in men's and women's apparel sold last year. Shoppers are sold on the basics: the clothes are typically well made, up-to-date and often priced about 20% less than brand-name counterparts.

Private labels have helped department stores create a more distinctive identity. Says Elin Saltzman, fashion director for Saks Fifth Avenue: "It grew out of a need for individuality among stores. For years we have all been selling the same designers in the same mall to the same customers." Moreover, designer goods have become prone to discounting wars. Says Marshall Beere, director of women's apparel merchandising for J.C. Penney: "If the competition runs a sale, you have to respond. With your own labels, you don't have to do that."

Stores can tailor private collections to their particular types of customers, from trend-happy adolescents to conservative executives. The fastest-growing brand of sportswear in the U.S. is The Limited chain's Outback Red, which sold more than \$400 million last year. It began as a collection of Australian-inspired bush-

country wear, and now features tamer English staples like jodhpurs and cable-knit sweaters. At Macy's, which sells an estimated 50 house brands, the Aéropostale line evokes the garb of 1920s French mail-plane pilots. The collection includes white silk scarves and rugged corduroy trousers. Macy's also offers a line of casual wear whose name makes a bald appeal to



yuppie taste in real estate: Loft & Brownstone. At J.C. Penney, house brands range from the Silk Avenue collection of imported dresses to the Mixed Blues line of jeans.

In designing house brands, originality is luxury, not a necessity. Some of Macy's Charter Club has been cut from virtually the same cloth as Ralph Lauren's signature lines. Among Charter Club's recent best sellers: handmade sweaters emblazoned with horses and wine-colored skirts printed with flying birds. While Lauren's hand-knit sweaters can cost \$345, a Charter Club counterpart sells for \$124. Designers shrug off such imitation as a cost of doing business. Says Louis Dell'Olio, designer for the Anne Klein label: "There isn't a designer on Seventh Avenue whose clothes haven't been knocked off by every store."

As they learn how to mass-produce clothes, retailers assemble teams of designers and product-development experts who travel from Milan to Tokyo looking for ideas and materials. Most retailers opt for manufacturing in Asia to take advantage of low wages. The Limited can probably claim the industry's most streamlined distribution network. Within ten weeks, 700,000 garments for a new line can be woven, cut, sewn, flown from Hong Kong and placed on racks in the chain's 751 stores across the U.S.

As house brands take up more space on store shelves, some traditional name brands have been pushed aside. Some companies, like Spitalnick, a longtime manufacturer of expensive women's apparel, have responded by giving up manufacturing their own line of clothes to make private labels instead.

Many designers are competing by opening their own chains of stores. Ralph Lauren opened a Manhattan Polo emporium in 1986; he now operates 68 stores across the country. Liz Claiborne this year launched a new store chain known as First Issue. The designer plans to have 13 outlets in business by January.

For department stores, developing private-label garments has its risks. If poorly executed, they can fail just as severely as the most misguided high-fashion trend. But by gaining control over design and manufacturing, department-store merchants think they can stay in closer touch with the tastes of their customers. Case in point: when working women turned up their noses last year at the miniskirts offered by designers, many retailers rushed to offer house brands with hemlines more suited to the office environment. As such thread-to-thread competition intensifies, consumers are likely to be the real winners—even if their favorite designer turns out to be an imaginary character.

—By Barbara Rudolph

Reported by Mary Cronin/New York



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HOOFWEAR

Chic Boots For Bossy

No Sloane Ranger would consider her wardrobe complete without a pair. Members of the hunting-and-fishing set are rarely seen in any other foot-wear. This insignia of English country life, the Hunter Wellington boot, has now made an unusual crossover: into the cow shed.

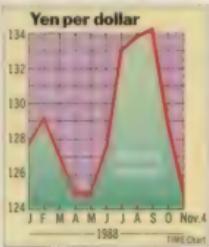
Cornish farmer Stephen Angwin had been troubled by the number of hobbling heifers among his herd of Friesian cattle. The high-protein diet required by modern dairy farming stimulates extra growth in the hooves, making them vulnerable to cracking during the cows' winter confinement in concrete-floored farmyards. So Angwin called up the Gates Rubber Co. in Scotland, maker of the chic Wellies, which designed a buckled, foot-high Hobble Boot with a sole in the shape of a hoof. Angwin has ordered 500 boots at \$24 each, and estimates he will save



Bovine Wellies: what the well-dressed English cow is wearing this year

roughly \$1,800 a year on veterinary bills and lost milk production. His enthusiasm for the bovine booties is so keen that he has sold over 100 of them to fellow farmers.

The cows, after some initial doubts and kicks, seem happy with their new hoof-wear. Will a Burberry's mackintosh be the next trendy garment for the pasture? ■



CURRENCY

The Eagle Has Landed

Quicker than you can say "currency speculation," the U.S. dollar has slumped to the lowest levels since last spring, completely wiping out the effects of a summer rally that had lifted the currency nearly 10% by late August, to a peak of 136 yen. Buoyed in part by a

booming U.S. economy, the currency threatened to become strong enough to hinder progress in closing the trade gap.

But as Election Day drew near, currency traders grew bearish on the dollar, sending it to the 125-yen range. They blamed a slowdown in the U.S. economy, the surge last month in the trade-deficit figures and a concern that the next U.S. President will be unable to tackle the budget deficit. ■

REGULATION

Babes in Ad Land

When they tune in to the likes of *G.I. Joe*, *Smurfs* and *Thundercats*, young television viewers are pelted with pitches for everything from plastic aircraft carriers to preweetened cereals. To control the clutter, Congress overwhelmingly approved a bill restricting commercials to 12 min. per hr. on

weekday kids' shows and to 10½ min. on weekends. The measure, aimed at reimposing limits dropped by the Federal Communications Commission in 1984, also required broadcasters to air educational programs for children.

Last week the legislation ran afoul of President Reagan. Stating that the bill "cannot be reconciled" with constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech, Reagan refused to sign it. His pocket veto infuriated

lobbyists like Peggy Charren, president of Action for Children's Television, who called Reagan's refusal a form of "ideological child abuse." Democrat Edward Markey of Massachusetts, a co-sponsor of the House bill, said 20% of U.S. television stations exceed the proposed limits on commercials. He plans to reintroduce the measure next year and hopes for a more favorable response from the new Administration. ■

TELECOMMUNICATIONS

Let Us Take Your Number

A Connecticut couple has discovered another way besides the lottery to convert numbers into dollars. Hank and Marie Oscar knew that there was something unusual about 800-243-2546, the toll-free number that AT&T had randomly assigned to their video-gear company, Oscarvision Systems. On the telephone dial, their number spells CHECK-IN, which they first realized eight years ago when a hotel called and asked for the rights to their number. But the cash offer was too tiny to bother with, so the Oscars held on to their digits even though the spelling had no connection with video.

But now, catchy 800 numbers have become highly coveted. The Holiday Inn and Hilton chains each have reservation numbers that spell their names. An official from the 143-hotel Hyatt chain, who was searching for numbers with significance, not long ago dialed CHECK-IN to see who had the listing. After some negotiations, Hyatt made the Oscars an offer they could not resist: \$40,000 cash, \$5,000 in credit toward hotel visits and \$2,000 to print brochures with Oscarvision's new, more fitting number: PLAY-VHS. ■



The Oscars were dialed for dollars

JUST SHY OF THE TOP

Golfer **GREG NORMAN** is awesome with a driver and has pocketed as much as \$1.3 million in a single year, yet he sometimes seems fated to be the game's perennial runner-up

BY EUGENE LINDEN

Unless things change, Greg Norman may enter the record books as the unluckiest golfer in modern history. Only twice have golfers chipped in from off the green on the final hole to win major tournaments. Both times, at the 1986 P.G.A. Championship and the 1987 Masters, Norman was the victim. He has placed second in two other majors, losing the 1986 Masters to Jack Nicklaus because of a wild 4-iron on the very last hole. Despite Olympian skills and what Nicklaus calls "virtually unlimited potential," Greg Norman has only one major-tournament victory under his belt: the Golden Bear, Nicklaus, has tucked away a record 18. Norman at age 33 is golf's Job.

But don't feel too sorry for him. Norman is gifted, rich and a handsome devil besides. He has won 53 professional tournaments and holds the all-time record for single-year winnings at \$1.3 million. On the course, the graceful Australian with the preternaturally blond hair first captures attention with his power. When he hits a drive the ball gets small in a hurry, as though some invisible agent is pulling it into the far reaches of that vault of air that is the golfer's working space. Nicklaus calls him the "longest straight hitter ever."

Then there is his blazing intensity. Whenever he sets foot on a course, he says, "it's as though I am going for my first trophy." For golf's Great White Shark, each tournament is an opportunity to recapture the "indescribable feeling" of walking the last few holes while in contention to win. It is then that the crowd seems to recede as Norman's concentration grows and he falls into that state of tunnel vision the pros call "owl's eyes." Pumped with adrenaline, he is usually hitting shots breathtakingly farther toward the end of a tournament. Nicklaus likens Norman to himself as a young man: a player with the confidence and skills to "overpower a golf course."

But not necessarily to overpower a major tournament, as Norman is all too aware. Still, while other golfers with such abominable luck might be smashing their mashies and pulverizing their putters, Norman's confi-

dence remains unshaken. "I expect to do most of my damage between 35 and 45," says he. Perhaps more important, the losses have shown that he can handle his setbacks with style, and thought it kills him to lose, he asserts. "You do more good for yourself by losing than by winning." Norman is also something of a throwback. Golf has become the province of colorless, interchangeable technicians content with the mid-six-figure incomes that come with respectable finishes. But Norman continues to take enormous gambles going for the win, and he has shown class in winning as well as losing. After coming from four strokes back to win the Heritage Classic last spring, he gave his trophy to Jamie Hutton, a young leukemia patient he had invited to accompany him during play. The gesture so moved tournament officials and television announcers that for a moment none of them could speak.

Because of his combination of looks and sportsmanship, the beguiling Australian has been claimed as a hero by three continents, and though Norman may be faltering in his attempt to become the next dominant player, his popularity and income just keep growing. Today he is one of the three or four highest-paid athletes on earth with an estimated income of \$8 million to \$10 million a year. The key to Greg Norman is that almost no one seems to begrudge him his riches.

The son of an engineer, Norman grew up in Townsville, Australia, in subtropical Queensland. The prevailing Australian ethos held that "if you don't get hit, it isn't a sport," so Norman played Australian Rules football, essentially a riot with goalposts. When he was 16 his mother, a low-handicap amateur of Finnish descent, gave him two of Nicklaus' books. The boy read them and decided to give golf a try. It soon became clear that the late starter was a prodigy. Greg's father Merv recalls that he made "phenomenal progress," shooting par within 18 months of first picking up a golf club.

Pivotal to Norman's golf development was Charlie Earp, a teaching professional who wisely sought to harness rather than change the young man's adrenal urges. He encouraged Norman to hit the ball as far as he could, arguing that once you had length you could work on control. Norman now averages 280 yds. a drive; 260 yds. is considered good for a top pro. A few years back, during a pro-celebrity tournament at Gleneagles in Scotland, a wind-aided Norman drive measured 483 yds. Under Earp's tutelage Norman began cleaning up in amateur tournaments, and at 19 he took a \$28-a-week job as assistant pro at the Royal Queensland Golf Club. There, playing for large sums with local high rollers, he learned to perform under pressure.

While many of today's touring pros are the product of golf academies and genteel collegiate teams, Norman, like Ray Floyd and Lee Trevino before him, took a tougher road. "The gambling gave me a killer instinct," he asserts. With his minuscule salary, he could not afford to lose. In one match Norman was three holes behind with four holes left to play. Several hundred dollars in the red, he pressed (essentially doubling the stakes) on the 16th and then again on the 18th. Had he lost he would have had to cough up a nonexistent \$1,200; instead he ended up \$800 ahead. That night, after dinner, he went out and gambled and won again, pitting his ex-



Photograph for TIME by Red Morgan

traordinary hand-eye coordination against local pool hustlers. Norman has not forgotten the match-play skills he acquired during those early years. He is a three-time winner of the Suntory World Match-Play Championship, a British tournament that provides the sole opportunity for the world's top pros to compete head to head.

Norman is legendary for his grit. In one 16-hole stretch during this year's AT&T-Pebble Beach tournament, he picked up ten shots to tie the leaders. Again, in this year's Masters he started the final day eleven shots off the pace. It was preposterous for Norman to think of winning, but Greg reasoned that if he lowered the course record by a couple of strokes he might spook the rest of the field. He shot a record-tying score of 30 on the front nine, and as late as the 15th hole was in sight of shooting an incredible 60 before he ended up with a near record round of 64.

Golf requires grace and suppleness, but it proceeds at the sort of stately pace that maximizes the opportunity to choke. With long periods between shots, players are apt to paralyze themselves by thinking about the consequences of a series of motions that will bring a few square inches of club face into contact with a tiny ball 3 ft. away from one's hands. Norman argues counterintuitively that he needs butterflies to perform well. The trick, he says, is to channel that nervous energy into concentration, and he does this with the confidence born of hitting many thousands of practice shots.

At the highest reaches of golf the difference between winning a major or finishing second may be a vulnerability that surfaces only once every several hundred strokes. Norman remembers vividly how an awkward hillside shot on the 18th fairway during the last round of the 1986 Masters exposed a flaw in his balance during his swing. As he puts it, his stance made him "get stuck" during his swing, causing him to shoot wide of the green. Instead of putting for a routine par, which would have put him in a play-off with Jack Nicklaus, he ended up with a tournament-losing bogey.

That blown chance gnawed at Norman, and so during a sweltering week this past July, he decided to take his first golf lesson in ten years. He called in Phil Rodgers, a slouching, laconic, former touring pro. Viewing the hundreds of balls tightly clustered around various targets on the practice fairway at Florida's Loxahatchee Golf Club (only two could be said to be errant), an observer found it hard to believe there was any flaw in Norman's game. But Rodgers noticed that he was standing about half an inch too close to the ball, and that during Norman's swing his hands had to hurry to catch up. The flaws were tiny, but still serious enough so that Norman could occasionally "get stuck," costing him perhaps a stroke every four rounds, costing him perhaps the Masters in 1986.

Rodgers advised Norman on his hip movement, club movement, follow-through. At that moment Norman's

world had shrunk to the precise point where the club meets the ball. The two men inspected the club face to see what the dirt pattern disclosed about the way the club was meeting the turf, and Norman, the \$10 million-a-year athlete and "bear apparent" to Nicklaus, absorbed the advice with the eagerness of a novice.

Norman's openness is perhaps one clue to his popularity. Spectators sense that at heart Norman is a simple man without pretense. True, he has four Ferraris, a Rolls-Royce and a Jeep, but one suspects that with a different turn of fate, he would be happy testing the limits of a '74 Chevy Nova. He lives by fundamental values, and they are sufficiently universal that people in Europe, Japan and America can project upon him the attributes of the hero, in this case the heroism of normality. He tries to keep his life in balance. During an enforced layoff following a wrist injury in this year's U.S. Open (more bad luck), he did not bother to watch the British Open, preferring to take the opportunity to go fishing and to spend more time with his wife Laura and two young children. Even though Norman lives in a 15,000-sq.-ft. beachfront home in Palm Beach, Fla., complete with pool, courtyard fountain and practice greens, he has escaped the "tall poppy syndrome" that prompts Australians to cut down local heroes who have got swelled heads and forgotten their roots.

Three continents may claim the golfer as their own, but Norman sees himself as completely Australian. At the core of his demeanor is the Australian conviction that the world is going to get you, and what matters is how you comport yourself when it does. Thus when Larry Mize stole the 1987 Masters from Norman with a miraculous 140-ft. chip shot, somewhere in the back of

Greg's mind was the image of his grandfather telling stories about Aussie valor in hopeless situations, and though he was dying inside, Norman still managed a mournful quip for the press: "I didn't think Larry could get down in two from where he was, and I was right."

Whether Norman will break his major-tournament jinx and dominate the game next season—or ever—is another question. He and Spain's Seve Ballesteros are the two names most frequently mentioned as the next golfers likely to achieve greatness. Nicklaus, the greatest golfer of the century, picks Norman. "The dominant player must dominate in several areas," says Nicklaus. "When one area isn't working another will take over so that you can win even when you are only running on three cylinders. I could do that when I was younger, and Norman can now. Other players need all cylinders working if they are to win."

Nicklaus does not worry about Norman's failure to win many majors, noting that the late starter is just now coming into his prime. Rodgers, the wise former pro, also picks Norman as Nicklaus' likely successor, noting that his bad luck does not seem to have affected his confidence. "In his prime, Nicklaus could destroy you with his eyes," he says. "Greg Norman has that same look." ■

Other golfers with such abominable luck might smash their mashies. Norman's confidence remains unshaken: "I expect to do most of my damage between 35 and 45."



Computer-generated image of the radar-elusive F-19 being buzzed by a smaller, Soviet-built MiG; the view from the cockpit as the MiG takes a hit

I Flew the Stealth Fighter

A new program simulates the world's most clandestine aircraft

BY PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT

There I was in the cockpit, hurtling toward the coast of Libya at 500 m.p.h. My mission: to drop a couple of 100-lb. Maverick missiles on a terrorist training camp near the Libyan port of Benghazi. My craft: the new supersecret F-19, a plane so hard to pick up on radar that I felt sure I could swoop in and blast Gadhafi's buddies without getting shot down myself. Suddenly, I saw something that shattered my composure. High over my stubby left wing, a Soviet-built MiG-25 Foxbat fighter was headed my way. Did the enemy know I was there? Whew!

Don't panic, I told myself. This is not a real cockpit, but a computer simulation of an American plane so classified that the Pentagon refuses even to admit that it exists. Although the Air Force is about to unveil its B-2 Stealth bomber, deep secrecy surrounds the smaller but equally advanced F-19, also known as the Stealth fighter. Even so, aviation buffs who study the Pentagon know a great deal about the covert craft. Novelist Tom Clancy featured it in his best seller *Red Storm Rising*, and Testor Corp. is selling detailed plastic-model F-19 kits for \$9.50 each. Best of all, MicroProse, a software company based in Hunt Valley, Md., has produced a \$69 computer program that lets would-be cold warriors—and mild-mannered magazine writers—try their hand at flying the world's most clandestine airplane.

So there I was, sitting at the keyboard of an IBM PC AT, my eyes glued to the screen. Game or not, my pulse raced and my hands sweat as the MiG-25 came

threateningly closer. Finally it peeled off toward Tripoli, its Soviet-trained pilot seemingly unaware of my 17-ton, coal-black aircraft a few hundred feet below. Apparently the F-19's array of detection-defeating components, from the radar-absorbent panels on its wings to the nose cone coated with ceramics to minimize telltale infrared radiation, was working as designed. But I had also learned in my training flights how to slip past MiGs by keeping a close eye on the EMV, the electromagnetic visibility gauge that measures the F-19's "stealthiness." As long as I flew at an altitude below 500 ft., kept the engines throttled back and refrained from opening the bomb-bay doors, the meter's red bar stayed reassuringly low, signaling that I was all but invisible.

But now another %#*&@! MiG crossed my nose, and I lost my cool. I fired an AIM-9M Sidewinder, and the MiG disappeared in a satisfying cloud of gray-black smoke. The explosion, though, caught the attention of hostile aircraft up and down the coast. Soon the warning lights on my display panel were lighted up like a pinball machine. I was able to evade an incoming AA-10 Alamo missile by releasing a burst of radar-deflecting chaff, and I fooled an SA-10 surface-to-air missile by sending out a decoy drone. But all the electronic countermeasures in the world were not going to get me back to my aircraft carrier in the Gulf of Sirte now that the Libyan air force was on my tail.

I took a couple of hits, and my plane went into a dive. Before bailing out, I loosed a Maverick in the general direction of Benghazi, unfortunately destroying a

nearby village in the process. But as I drifted toward Libya in my parachute, I knew my next move. All I had to do was tap a few keys, go back to the program's main menu and choose another mission. This time I think I'll intercept that Soviet Tu-95D Bear reconnaissance plane heading for East Germany and blast it out of the sky . . . ■

Behavior

Troubled Minds

More common than imagined

It has long been anyone's guess just how many Americans suffer from mental illness. For starters, the many kinds of mental disorders are often difficult to diagnose. And the stigma of seeing a psychiatrist prevents many disturbed people from seeking help. Now the National Institute of Mental Health has completed the most extensive study ever of U.S. mental-health problems, and its conclusions are startling. The study, published in the November *Archives of General Psychiatry*, concluded that about one-third of all Americans suffer from an acute mental illness at some point in their lives.

The eight-year survey of 18,571 adults in Los Angeles, Baltimore, St. Louis, New Haven, Conn., and Durham, N.C., showed that 15% have suffered anxiety disorders, such as phobias and panic attacks. More than 8% have experienced major depression. One of every six has been dependent on drugs or alcohol, the most common problem. Says UCLA psychiatrist Marvin Karno, one of the study's researchers: "The frequency of many disorders is higher than anticipated because the majority of people never come in for treatment. They cope. They suffer." ■

Something to Cluck About

Yes, low-cholesterol eggs—and they're not bad

BY MIMI SHERATON

Start scrambling for your omelet pan. Eggs unadulterated with guilt may soon be back on your menu. Once considered a valuable, low-cost source of high-quality protein, eggs became dietary villains because of their high cholesterol. Now that hard-boiled approach to one of nature's most delectable foods may soften.

Good news comes from California egg producer Paul May of Rosemary Farm in Santa Maria. May has announced that 100,000 of his hens are now laying eggs with 55% less cholesterol than standard specimens. Instead of the 274 mg long considered to be standard for large eggs by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. May reports that his eggs contain a mere 125 mg of cholesterol. They also contain about 25% less sodium, according to May, whose figures are corroborated by the California state department of food and agriculture.

"The secret is in the feed," says May, though he declines to name the magical ingredients. "It has nothing to do with chemicals or drugs," he insists. Nor is it dietary fiber. "It's a natural substance added to the hens' diet." Even though at as much as \$2.89 a dozen they can be double or triple the price of their conventional counterparts, the Rosemary Farm eggs are hot sellers at the California



stores where they are available. The farm's production is too small to serve a national market, but other low-cholesterol eggs have already been developed by Full Spectrum Farms in Lancaster, Pa. Undoubtedly, producers in other areas will follow.

To anyone dreaming of going back to fluffy omelets and supple floating islands, the most important question about these eggs is: How do they taste? To find out, TIME obtained two dozen large, grade AA Rosemary Farm eggs from a Hughes market in Los Angeles, and I compared them with large, grade AA eggs purchased in

Manhattan. On inspection, the California specimens looked a bit larger and had rougher shells with uneven calcium deposits, while the New York shells were perfectly smooth. New York yolks were also a brighter shade of yellow.

On to the taste test. East and West Coast eggs cooked identically and tasted the same in such preparations as scrambled eggs and omelets, in which whites and yolks were blended. The yolks made equally good mayonnaise when whipped with salad oil. However, there was a mild difference in flavor in boiled, poached and fried preparations in which cooked yolks and whites remained separate. The East Coast yolks had an airier, dairy taste—perhaps because they were a bit fresher and had not traveled as far.

There is another curious reason why the California eggs may not taste very different from the ordinary variety. According to the USDA Agricultural Research Service in Beltsville, Md., the high cholesterol counts that have given ordinary eggs their bad reputation may have been wrong to begin with. Using newer methods of testing, researchers at the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station in New Haven have found that conventional eggs contain between 172 and 232 mg of cholesterol, instead of the 274 previously measured. That would place them somewhat closer to the count of Rosemary Farm eggs. So even if the brave new eggs have yet to reach the neighborhood market, Americans may feel just a little less devilish the next time they reach for a deviled egg. ■

Milestones

RECOVERING. Ringo Starr, 48, former Beatles drummer, and his actress wife **Barbara Bach**, 39, from alcoholism. Spokesman Derek Taylor said the couple were halfway through an eight-week treatment program at an undisclosed American clinic.

DIED. **Jean-Claude Paul**, 49, former colonel and commander of Haiti's most feared army unit until his forced resignation six weeks ago, of a heart attack; in Fermatine, Haiti. Indicted in Miami this spring on charges of conspiring to smuggle cocaine into the U.S., Paul is rumored to be a victim of foul play. Fueling the speculation: his brother says that the strongman went into convulsions after he ate a bowl of soup and that his household servants and wife have been taken into custody by police.

DIED. **Kingman Brewster**, 69, patrician, eloquent educator and diplomat who served as president of Yale University from 1963 to 1977; of a brain hemorrhage; in Oxford, England. A lawyer by training, Brewster developed a national reputation for tolerance as he steered Yale through the turbulent 1960s. Among his achievements: the increased admission of undergraduate women. The inspiration for President King, the prototypical liberal-activist educator in Yale alumnus Garry Trudeau's *Doonesbury* comic strip, Brewster handled the demands of both radical students and conservative alumni with grace and humor. "I not only live in a goldfish bowl," he once said, "but I sometimes feel that someone is trying to poison the water." U.S. Ambassador to Britain from 1977 to 1981, Brewster returned to academic life in 1986 as master of University

College, one of Oxford's oldest and most prestigious schools.

DIED. **Norman Newhouse**, 82, newspaper editor and publisher who along with his two brothers built one of the largest media empires in the country; after a heart attack; in New Orleans. Hawking copies of the *Bayonne (N.J.) Times* at age 5, Newhouse quickly realized he could sell more papers if he approached each customer with a single copy and said, "Mister, please buy my last newspaper." Like his siblings S.I. and Theodore, Norman never had a formal job title; over the past two decades, he oversaw newspapers in the Midwest and the South. Today the family-owned empire boasts 29 newspapers, Random House and a dozen magazines, including *The New Yorker*, *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*.

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Martin, Williams and Abraham: existentialist tragedy reduced to a sketch on the homeless

Clowning Around with a Classic

WAITING FOR GODOT by Samuel Beckett

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III

Financially, Lincoln Center's *Waiting for Godot* was a triumph before it started rehearsals. The combination of an all-star cast, headed by Robin Williams and Steve Martin, and a run limited to seven weeks in a 291-seat theater made the show a sellout. In fact, the box office never even opened to the general public: the Manhattan arts complex's 36,000 drama subscribers were enough to fill the 16,000 places more than twice over.

Artistically, Williams and Martin, as comics of quicksilver intelligence and bleak vision, seem eminently suited to play Samuel Beckett's battered tramps. Oscar winner F. Murray Abraham (*Ama-deus*) and performance artist Bill Irwin are nonpareil casting for the pompous landlord and his slavish manservant. Director Mike Nichols, a winner of eight Tony Awards, has an apt gift for seamless transitions from farce to ferocity.

Yet the show that opened for review this week sadly recalled the 1956 U.S. debut, in which Bert Lahr and Tom Ewell found the laughs, and interpolated a few more, without grasping the work's tragic austerity. Williams and Martin may comprehend the play but do not show faith in it. Although the puns and pratfalls come mostly from Beckett, there are inexcusable interjections, and the emotional force is dissipated in kickshaws and clowning.

Beckett sees human existence as helplessly ephemeral—eroded away, the very moment it is lived, by aging and pain and forgetfulness and death. "They give birth astride of a grave," one of the characters cries out in the play's most memorable

line. The barren landscape of *Godot* is not recognizably our world. The fetid tramps sleep in ditches and are beaten by nameless others in the night. But their frustrated yearning to be recognized and their sense of life as perpetual diminishment should seem universal. Instead, the supreme existentialist tragedy of the 20th century has been reduced to a heartwarming revue sketch about the homeless.

The chief sinner is Williams. When the slave Lucky makes a long, anguished speech, a flux of debased knowledge, Williams enacts the audience's presumed boredom at having to think. He scampers. He pounds the ground. He thrusts a big bone into the slave's hands as though it were an Oscar and tells him to "thank the Academy." As Martin feigns death, Williams hovers over him, murmuring the pet name "Didi, Didi," then segues into the theme from *The Twilight Zone*. Martin is never so outrageous, but his familiar cool-guy strut and laid-back vocalisms keep him from inhabiting his character. Irwin is grisly competent as Lucky. The only really satisfying performance is Abraham's. Hugely self-satisfied in the first act, blind and pathetic in the second, he steals the show by simply acting his role while the stars are embellishing theirs.

After the stage run closes Nov. 27, the production is expected to be taped for TV. It may work better in that format. Even onstage, if audience members can forget the Beckett masterpiece that is being obliterated, this *Godot* calls to mind some of the best surreal comic sketches on *Saturday Night Live*—a show on which all the principal actors except the pristine Abraham have appeared. ■

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"Bad" Women and Brutal Men

A hit movie reopens the debate on rape in the '80s

BY RICHARD CORLISS

Sarah walks into the bar, her eyes cruising for action. She down a few drinks and lights up a joint. She shrugs off her jacket to reveal a low-cut T shirt. Till now the boys in the back room are just nursing their beers, thinking about nothing, or trying to. But they see her, and all the windows steam up. She is the star of her own show, and she loves it. The jukebox gets her dancing, sexy, like on a runway. Pleasin' and teasin'. Hey, college boy, dance with me, closer than sweat.



Give me a long, deep kiss. Rev me up...

What happens next in *The Accused* is one of the longest, most harrowing rape scenes in Hollywood history, in which Sarah is spread-eagled on a Slam Dunk pinball machine and assaulted by three men. What happens throughout this good, fair film is the raising of many important questions about forcible sex. In the feminist age, can a woman display her sensuality as freely, even carelessly, as she does her intellect and ambition? If she does so, is she responsible for the prefeminist urges she triggers in men? Or is she just getting what she asked for, in a body language as old as the species? Can every man cop a plea of biological imperatives, of Stone Age lust, when he uses force as a tool of courtship? At what point does the love game turn into a war game, whose body count is one rape reported every six minutes in the U.S. and one rape in four involving multiple attackers? Finally, are those who watch a rape and do nothing guilty of abetting the crime? In today's battle of the sexes, can any bystander declare himself a pacifist?

In *The Accused*, screenwriter Tom

Topor and director Jonathan Kaplan imagine a worst-case scenario that poses all of these questions and plays them out in a moral twilight zone where ambiguity gives way to atrocity. The movie boasts a daring, acute performance by Jodie Foster as Sarah, the coarse-mouthed waitress with the SXV SADI license plate, who can fist her face into a pugnacious sultry or vamp persuasively enough to steam your specs. In the process, *The Accused* has defied Hollywood odds to become an autumn hit, earning \$18 million in its first 24 days of release. It has also stoked the hot-

test movie debate since *Fatal Attraction* encouraged married men to keep their mistresses away from the kitchen cutlery. Says Sherry Lansing, who with Stanley Jaffe produced both films: "We're hoping that no one seeing *The Accused* will ever again believe that rape is sexy or that any woman asks for it."

The movie begins just after the rape, as Sarah, her body bruised, her upper thighs scraped and bloody, bolts from the bar toward the nearest hospital. After more than an hour of legal and emotional skirmishing, in which a prosecutor (Kelly McGillis) decides to charge the men who stood by approvingly with criminal solicitation, the film climaxes with a depiction of the assault: Sarah's volcanic flirtation and the dreadful price she pays for it. "The film doesn't show bullets," says Foster, "just basic human cruelty—what happens when people are in a room together. It's not inhuman, which is why it's so scary." By then, the moviegoer—a witness-voyeur, just like the bystanders—is ready to have his prejudices twisted from compassion to horror. "We wanted to full

the audience and then turn things around," Topor explains. "We were saying, 'As a spectator, you're part of the problem. What would you have done?'"

The film carries echoes of a generation of violence and apathy, from the Kitty Genovese case in 1964 to the New Bedford, Mass., rape in 1983. There is a political edge to the debate too. "During the Reagan years," says Kaplan, "there's been a 'blame the victim' mentality. We blame the poor for poverty. We blame the homeless for being in the street."

And some blame women for getting raped. Topor recalls that "the middle-aged mother of one of my friends saw the movie and said to me, 'Obviously she deserved it.'" Says Gail Abarbanel of the Rape Treatment Center at Santa Monica Hospital in California: "I haven't seen a single



The two faces of Jodie Foster: long-haired and lustful in the bar scene; short-cropped and feisty confronting the press

rape case with multiple assailants in which anyone has tried to stop it. And research indicates that the more people around, the less anyone takes responsibility."

No U.S. rape case has yet been prosecuted under a criminal-solicitation law. "A lawyer told me that a conviction such as the one in the film would probably be thrown out," says Topor. "But we were just raising it as one possible interpretation and using it to make a point. And the law says that anyone who encourages a crime is culpable. We all depend on each other to act when we get into trouble." And that applies to good Germans in the Nazi era or nice guys sitting in a bar. "If you and I abdicate," says Topor, "the bad guys win."

Sometimes the bad guys get put in the docket: the bad guy lurking in any man ready to act on his suspicion that an attractive woman is his for the taking. Sometimes the good guys, like the *Accused* team, win a small victory for women: women who should not ever have to decide, on pain of assault, whether they are good women or bad ones, victims or vamps.

—Reported by Elaine Dutka/
Los Angeles



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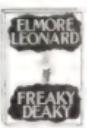
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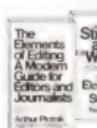


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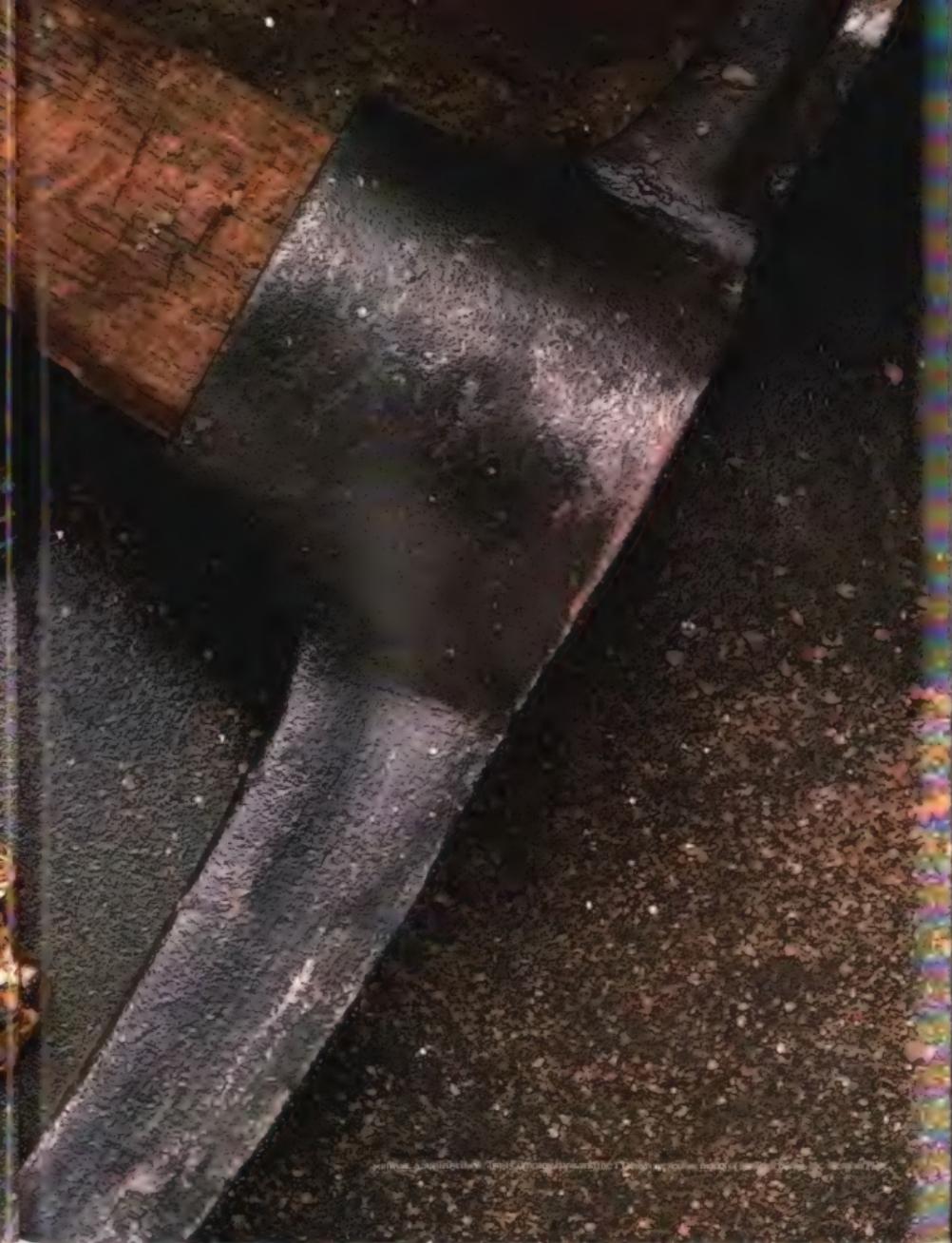
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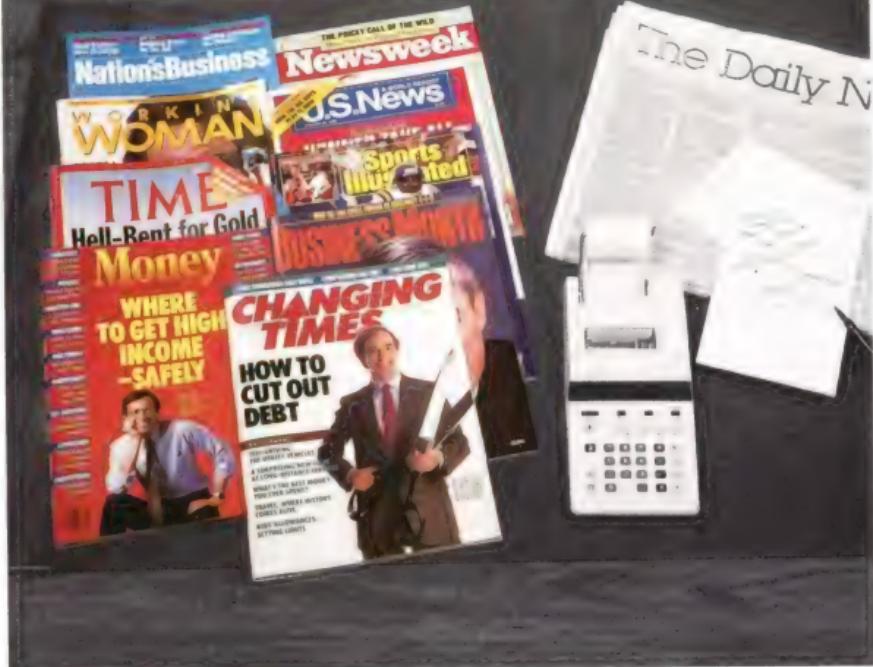


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In Limbo with Love's Exiles

THE HIGH ROAD by Edna O'Brien; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 214 pages; \$18.95

BY PAUL GRAY

A woman is shaken out of sleep in an unfamiliar room, roused by a noise nearby that seems to contain a threat aimed at her: "I thought I heard my name—Anna. Anna—being uttered with malice." But that is impossible. As she gropes toward consciousness, Anna remembers that no one in this place could know her; that she only arrived the previous evening and that, though it is still dark, the dawn will come up on Easter Sunday.

This brief scene, poised between dream and reality, introduces *The High Road*, Edna O'Brien's tenth novel, and contains portents of nearly everything that will follow. As Anna proceeds with her story, it becomes clear that she is a voluntary exile in a limbo between her past and future. Stingy with specific details, as if unwilling to bore herself with facts she already knows, she parcels out her history in offhand hints.

Anna is well known enough, at something, to have made a lecture tour through the U.S., talking about her native Ireland, that "battle-haunted, famine-haunted land." She is the mother of two grown sons, and has apparently been divorced from their father for some time. She has run away to an unspecified Spanish village bordering a sea, presumably the Mediterranean, to escape from a long, ultimately unhappy love affair back home in London. "I would grow to forget him," she says, or hopes. "The him that I believed had broken my heart, but in my saner moments I recognized as being probably the last to partake with me at that fount of sensuality, and vertigo and earthly love." Her awakening on Easter, instead of any other morning, seems accidental, but before her adventure is over there will be sacrifice and redemption.

Anna's subdued, almost

distracted, narrative tone at first seems an unwise, self-imposed narrowing of O'Brien's characteristic voice: the earthy, word-besotted vitality that sang through her dazzling first novels of a quarter-century ago, *The Country Girls*, *The Lonely Girl and Girls in Their Married Bliss*. But O'Brien is not writing about girls anymore. Those eager, headstrong creatures in the early books who dashed toward the flame of maturity have now come out on the other side, badly burned.

Anna is one such casualty, and she imagines herself, in the solipsism of grief, alone. But she soon meets other sufferers. There is the reclusive Charlotte, whom Anna recognizes as an acquaintance from



EDNA O'BRIEN

Excerpt

It hurt, with a raw hurt, to recall our gadfly days, and yet I did, our days, nights, beaded jackets, shawls, nightclubs where we sat till three or four in the morning and sometimes had our hands read . . . those days when every new love affair brought us, as we thought, to the brink of a sustained happiness. I thought of the day I too had gone a bit mad, slipped from behind this girl with all these hopes to the woman who would count in morsels from that moment onward the pleasures and excitements of her life.

the old days in London: her real name is Portia Whitehead, and she was formerly a flamboyant socialite straight out of the pages of Evelyn Waugh, given to strong drink and opinions, and famous for having shown up in public wearing only a tasteful string of pearls. What has withered this once ebullient child? Anna is also taken up by Iris Beagrave-Mallory-Heron, wealthy, much married, brittle and pathetically dependent on the younger men who keep using and abandoning her. By accident, Anna stumbles across a horrible object in her new friend's possession: a tape recording of Iris' son, mocking his mother while swallowing sleeping pills in the act of suicide.

One bright spot for Anna among all this mordancy is Catalina, a Spanish girl who works at the hotel and who seems to take special care with the flowers she arranges in Anna's room each morning. Before long, Anna has become obsessed with this young woman: "In the evenings when I had a drink or two I would allow myself to think of her, as I might a painting or a beautiful garden. I would dwell on her body the way I never allowed myself to dwell on my own, exploring it with invisible hands, invisible eyes, touching her tentatively and without shame."

At this point, *The High Road* seems on the verge of becoming a distaff *Death in Venice*, with another cerebral outsider succumbing to forbidden passion for an enchanting youth. But O'Brien does not bring to this situation any of the doomed morbidity that hovers over Thomas Mann's tale. For one thing, Anna is much too brisk and sensible to believe herself trapped by any fate. And the physical world of the Spanish seacoast is too astonishing to allow prolonged brooding. Remembering misty Ireland and rainy London, Anna is constantly dazzled by the light: "The sun blazed and emphasized everything, sugar crumbs on a plate which the previous person had left, the white gold of the watch, a parrot on its lead, its greenness seeming to vibrate." Such moments partake of the miraculous. Equally remarkable is O'Brien's ability to make Anna's narrative seem casual, almost ran-



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Ad

134

CONCLUDING THIS ISSUE
TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1988

dom, when in fact each incident, each encounter, adds another piece to a puzzle that Anna must solve. The villagers begin to mutter when they see the foreign woman so often in the company of Catalina Anna, who thinks she has retreated to this place because she has loved and lost, must learn from her young friend that true devotion can begin only when loss and sacrifice are taken for granted.

Death Zones

AFRICAN MADNESS

by Alex Shoumatoff
Knopf: 224 pages; \$18.95

African Madness is a terse testament to wanderlust. The book recounts four trips that Alex Shoumatoff, a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, made to that continent in 1986 and '87. As he notes in his preface, "My vision of the tropics was, and still is, largely romantic." This mood seems to represent a triumph of hope over experience. Three of the visits recorded here were prompted by somber, decidedly unromantic events. Shoumatoff went to Rwanda shortly after naturalist Dian Fossey was hacked to death with a machete in her remote mountainside camp. The trial of former emperor Jean-Bedel Bokassa—on charges ranging from corruption to cannibalism—drew him to the Central African Republic. And the spread of AIDS across the continent inspired a depressing pilgrimage through a belt of impoverished, afflicted countries.

It is hardly news that catastrophes, man-made and otherwise, are pummeling Africa. But Shoumatoff's first-person reports do not simply catalog misery. Once on the scene, the author concentrates on the feel of a place and the conversation of the local residents, building the big picture through small details. He acknowledges Fossey's courage in trying to protect an endangered band of mountain gorillas; he also discovers that her love for the great apes was matched by her contempt for the Rwandan people. In the Central African Republic he encounters people who wonder why the West makes such a fuss about eating human flesh. Visiting his first AIDS clinic, he is greeted by a doctor visibly wasting away with the disease he is supposed to treat.

Shoumatoff's fourth trip took him to Madagascar, a spot that had intrigued him since childhood. Geologically torn from the mainland some 160 million years ago, the island once teemed with unique flora and fauna. Now, the author finds, forests are being leveled to grow crops, the soil is eroding, species are being crowded or poached out of existence. Shoumatoff does not underline his conclusion, but it is evident throughout the book: once an incubator of life, Africa today offers a panorama of possible deaths.

—P.G.



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Bookends

AN EMPIRE OF THEIR OWN: HOW THE JEWS INVENTED HOLLYWOOD

by Neal Gabler

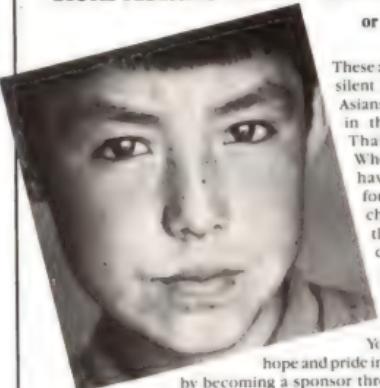
Crown; 502 pages; \$24.95



It was a "sustained attempt to live a fiction, and to cast its spell over the minds of others." The words are not Neal Gabler's. They are taken from Sir Isaac Berlin's characterization of Benjamin Disraeli. But it is a measure of this book's range, seriousness and distance from the typical Hollywood history that Gabler can comfortably evoke an Oxford scholar's description of a 19th century English Prime Minister to define the achievements of the first generation of movie moguls.

Not that Gabler stintis his descriptions of the rages and outrages by which, up to now, we have known Louis B. Mayer, Jack Warner, Harry Cohn and their ilk. There is plenty of rowdy entertainment here. But there is also unsentimental sympathy for these East European Jews who, barred by prejudice from the genteel, genteile Establishment, created a patriarchy that was in its way more potent. The dream America that they placed on the screen—an epic, colossal megafiction—in time redefined the American dream for everyone. That empire of their own thus became a mighty colonial power in the world of ideas. Not only does Gabler restore to these pioneers their full, fractious humanity, but he also makes a rigorous case for their importance as shapers, for good and ill, of a century's sensibility.

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FAST COPY

by Dan Jenkins

Simon & Schuster; 396 pages; \$19.95



Maybe those shameless, down-and-dirty football novels, *Semi-Tough* and *Life Its Own Self*, worked as well as they did because author Dan Jenkins did not take novelizing very seriously and was rowdily irreverent about Texas and football. *Fast Copy*, Jenkins' latest, is longer, straighter, less rowdy and not quite so much fun. The background is 1930s journalism, including the early days of TIME and big- and small-time newspapering in Texas and elsewhere. Jenkins, too much in love with his subject, throws in every good story he knows about gangsters, FBI men, reporters, editors, oil wildcatters and similar riffraff. The effect is to scatter the novel's focus so that a complete, fully plotted de-

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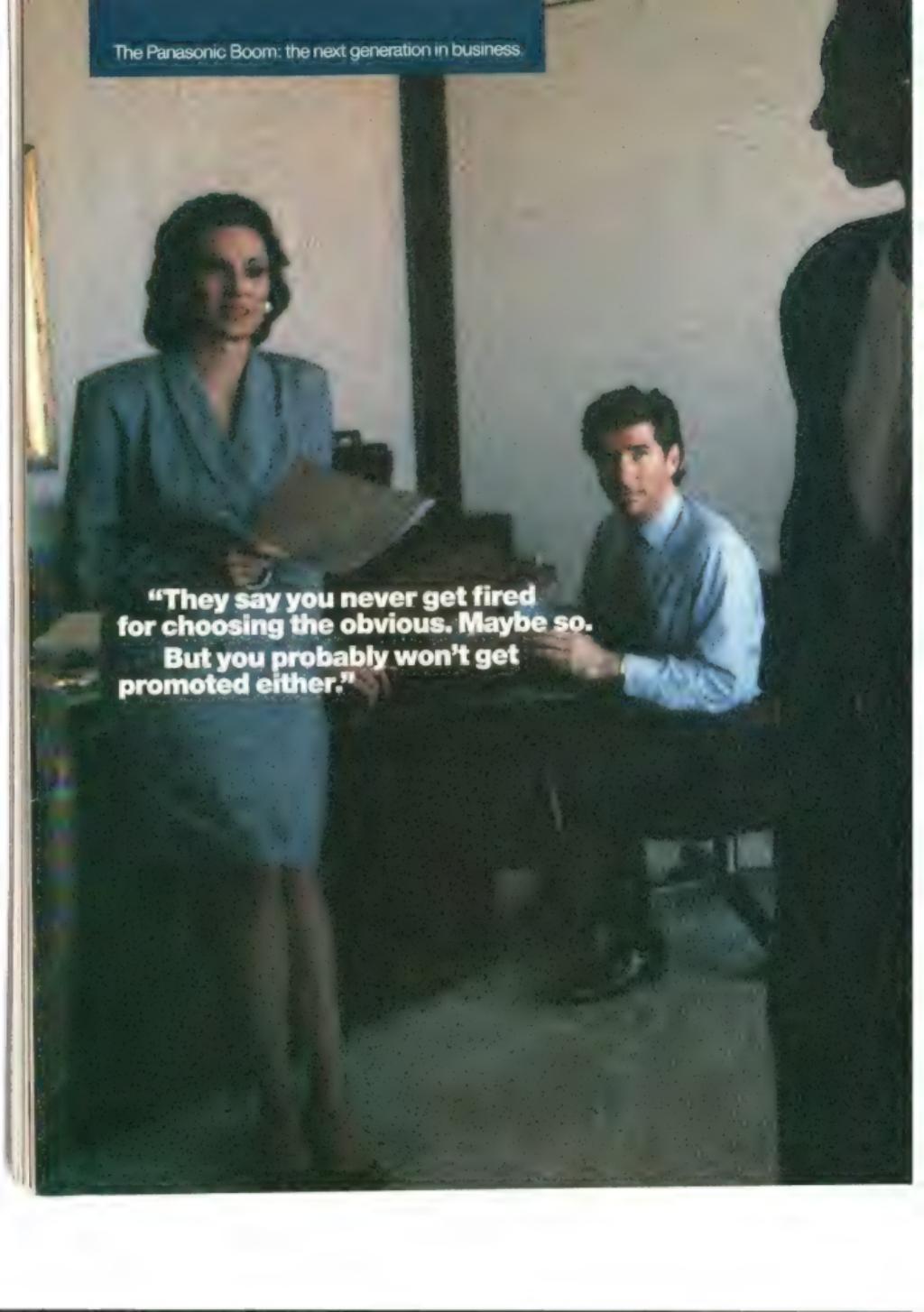
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tective story about a crooked Texas Ranger can be misplaced, almost unnoticed, in one corner. A dominant central figure might hold all of this together, but the novel's heroine, Texas newspaperwoman Betsy Throckmorton, is something less than the gale-force wind that is needed, and her role becomes that of an agreeable mistress of ceremonies.

AT HOME: ESSAYS 1982-1988

by Gore Vidal

Random House; 304 pages; \$18.95



"There should be a constitutional amendment making it impossible for anyone to be president who believes in an after-life." "The time has come for the United States to stop all aid not only to Israel but to Jordan, Egypt and the rest of the Arab world. [They] would then be obliged to make peace, or blow one another up, or whatever." These pronouncements could emanate only from Gore Vidal in mid-tantrum. His sixth collection of essays also includes tributes to some favorite authors, including Tennessee Williams and Italo Calvino. But graffiti are everywhere: "Nothing that Shakespeare ever invented was to equal Lincoln's invention of himself and, in the process, us." Vidal has grown rich and famous by writing plays, nonfiction and novels. It is very audacious of him, at the age of 63, to attempt the new genre of nonsense literature.

THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY

by Fay Weldon

Viking; 201 pages; \$17.95

The heart of the country—small-town Somerset—is where some of Jane Austen's young ladies negotiated their marital minuets. Nowadays, in novelist Fay Weldon's bracingly satirical view of the same terrain, women are poisoned by the environment, insulted by the welfare-state bureaucracy and, above all, victimized by "seducers, fornicators, robbers, cheats"—that is, men. Some of the women adapt, like the abandoned housewife Natalie, who drifts into a love nest. Others cannot, like the dole-savvy Sonja, whose stubbornness drives her to violence and a mental ward. The chatty author tends to elbow her own characters aside—and why not, since she is sharper and funnier than any of them? But she lets her feminist anger take charge, and ends up displaying not so much a fictional imagination as a one-tract mind. ■

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Medicine



Refusing to knuckle under: fund-raising plea for beleaguered medical facility in rural Texas

Don't Break a Leg in Texas

As federal money dries up, rural hospitals are failing fast

For a century the inhabitants of tiny St. Ignatius, Mont. (pop. 1,000), had a hardscrabble little hospital to tend their more serious wounds and ailments. Then five years ago, the 18-bed Mission Valley Hospital ran into trouble. Spiraling medical costs and difficulty attracting doctors were partly to blame. But the real crunch was that, with new limits on reimbursements, Medicare no longer paid what it cost to treat the hospital's mostly elderly patients.

With 40% of its total billings coming from Medicare, Mission Valley, with annual revenues of more than \$1 million, began losing between \$29,000 and \$50,000 a year. Faced with anticipated losses this year of \$250,000, the board of trustees had no choice but to close down. Says former administrator James Oliverson: "The days of the John Wayne hospital, that rugged little place out on the plains, are over."

Around the country, St. Ignatius' plight has become a familiar one. For rural hospitals, dwindling federal money is often far more damaging than it is for more visible inner-city counterparts. Of the more than 300 U.S. hospitals that have been forced to close since 1983, about half have been in rural areas. The American Hospital Association estimates that nearly 70% of those still in business are financially ailing. Although the Federal Government recently announced new Medicare reimbursement policies that will boost payments for patients who incur exceptionally high costs, the Senate Special Committee on Aging reported last month that the crisis in rural health care may grow even worse. The committee concluded that as many as 600 of the nation's 2,700 rural hos-

pitals are in danger of shutting down.

Texas, where small rural hospitals account for nearly half the state's 530 non-federal health-care facilities, has been especially hard hit. Sixty-three hospitals have had to close in the past five years, 34 of them in rural areas. Now 49 of Texas' 254 counties are without a hospital; at least 13 do not even have a doctor. Referring to the loss of the recently shuttered Bastrop hospital, outside Austin, board member Susan Cartelli groans, "Now Friday-night football games at the high school can be a nightmare."

The culprit behind the country closings is the same one that has put some urban hospitals out of business: the 1983 congressional decision to switch Medicare to the so-called Diagnosis Related Groups system, which eliminated the old fee-for-service plan. Under the current rules, the Government pays set rates for designated services, no matter what the circumstances of a case. Although the Government has raised Medicare compensation 11% between 1984 and this year, payments to hospitals have not kept pace with the costs of care for elderly patients, which have risen 22% in the same period. Medicaid, the federal program that covers the poor, is no safety net either. "It's a prescription for disaster," says Kenneth Robbins, president of the Illinois Hospital Association.

While rural and urban hospitals are both caught up in the competition for federal funds, country hospitals in Texas receive 20% to 50% less than city hospitals for the same services; in Montana, the difference is 30%. Though reimbursement is being increased for some hos-

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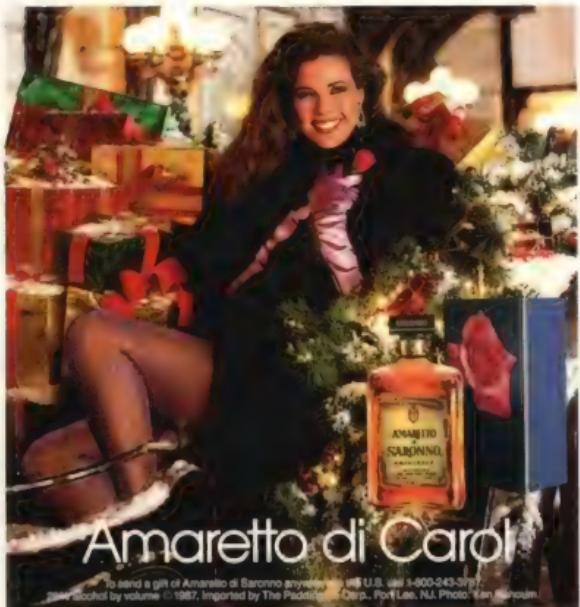
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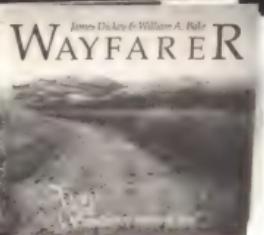
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tal near cities, rural-hospital payment rates average 14% below urban rates. Reasons: the average cost of a Medicare case is usually lower for rural hospitals, and city hospitals ostensibly have higher operating expenses.

"A rural facility can lose a year's profit on a single case," explains Jim Ahrens, president of the Montana Hospital Association. "For a small hospital, that's a lot of money."

As more and more rural hospitals close, patients must travel as far as 100 miles to find care. Says Jim Bob Brame, a family physician in rural Eldorado, Texas: "You have to drive that far with your chest pain—and not have anyone to start your I.V." Faced with such appalling conditions, some rural communities have refused to knuckle under. When the only hospital in Hamilton, Texas (pop. 3,100), closed, townspeople raised some \$300,000, including \$225,000 from private donors, and bought \$79,000 worth of medical equipment for just \$8,900 at a local auction. They now have a 15-bed hospital with three doctors and two visiting surgeons. Says former acting administrator Jack Davidson: "We saw what it was like not to have a hospital."

Montana is experimenting with another approach, called "medical-assistance facilities," which provides acute-care inpatient services. Staffed mainly by physician's assistants and nurse practitioners, the units have much lower overhead than full-service hospitals and are exempt from Medicare-dictated personnel requirements. The state hopes to open five such facilities in the next few months. But helpful as they are, such measures are not enough. Until rural health care becomes a national priority of legislators and policymakers, the plight of country hospitals is likely to get even worse. —By John Langone. Reported by Scott Brown/Los Angeles and Deborah Fowler/Houston



Chicago shutdown: another inner-city closure
Caught up in a tough competition for funds.

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Does This Film Seem Familiar?

Hollywood uses infotainment TV for round-the-clock hype

BY RICHARD CORLISS

Wake up, turn on the *Today* show about his new film, *Everybody's All-American*. Drive to work, turn on the car radio. The local station is running a chat with Jessica Lange, another star of the intriguing new film *Everybody's All-American*. Park your car, pick up a newspaper, and read an interview with Taylor Hackford, director of that fascinating new film *Everybody's All-American*. At lunch, walk past the newsstand. *Vanity Fair* has a cover story on Jes-

ica Lange, star of the new film *Everybody's All-American*. Get home that evening, channel-hop from the local news to *Entertainment Tonight* to *USA Today*. They're all showing behind-the-scenes footage of that warm, witty, winning and winsome new film *Everybody's All-American*. The picture hasn't yet opened at a theater near you, but you feel as if you know all about it. And maybe want to see it.

You have just been massaged, pummeled—and maybe had—by some savvy movie publicists, the spin doctors of the entertainment industry. They operate in the slick new tradition of political handlers, whose job is to reduce a campaign to photo ops and sound bites, keep their candidates away from rancorous reporters and try, ever so discreetly, to manage the news. For a movie publicist, the methods and motives are the same: only the product is different. And by orchestrating the burgeoning infotainment press, a smart flack can detonate a bigger bang for the buck. Without spending a dollar on advertising (though millions will be lavished on print and TV ads), with-

out cozying up to a single critic (though rave reviews are nice), he can secure a client's name in people's minds. "Publicity isn't a buckshot medium," says Robert Friedman, a senior vice president at Warner Bros. "It's very carefully directed. Putting the best face on a picture is a good way of getting people into the seats for that first weekend."

Art and hype have long been partners; there must have been some prehistoric Frenchman urging his fellows to catch the cave paintings at Lascaux. But movies, as the first mechanical art form, have always

part of the picture. If you want access, you have to play the game. At times I feel very manipulated and frustrated."

There are master manipulators at the studios. They know some exposure is a heaven-sent perk, like last month's *60 Minutes* report on a murder case that inspired the new Meryl Streep film *A Cry in the Dark*. But they also know their job. So they hire a firm to tape a generic interview with their star, then send local TV stations a cassette in which the star's comments can be intercut with questions posed by a station reporter. It's no-fault, no-sweat, no-work journalism.

The best publicists know how to woo and use even the jackpot shows like *Today* and *Good Morning America*. A studio may let a show do a location report in exchange for multishow exposure when the film is released. Nowadays, the big stars expect more than at least three segments on the breakfast clubs: for a Clint Eastwood, the *Today* show should be renamed *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*. Says one studio publicity executive: "If you have a few Class A stars in a picture, you can play the two shows off each other until you get everything you want. On *Steel Magnolias*, for example, you could tell *Today* they can have Sally Field and Dolly Parton if they take on some lesser-known actors as well. Then you tell *Good Morning America* that they can have Shirley MacLaine and Olympia Dukakis if they do other segments on the film. On a picture like that, I'd go for the gold."

The gold is media saturation, not great reviews. In the movie business, the still, small voice of the critic is... still small. The movie-critic TV shows—*Siskel & Ebert* and their clones—have some influence, at least as consumer alerts, because they devote much of their time to running film clips. But the print critics are hardly relevant to Hollywood. They may be able to help a small film, but they can't break a big one. "You always want a happy Friday," one studio exec says of critical raves. "But if the movie is an audience pleaser, it can overcome bad reviews, especially in the summer. People aren't walking in out of the heat to get art. They're looking for diversion."

So, presumably, are the readers and viewers who sit back and gorge on junk news. But what nourishment can they take from these myriad factoids about a film's budget, an actor's motivation, a director's neuroses, a special-effects man's wizardry? If moviegoers gain infotainment, they may be losing their innocence—the magic tingle of walking into a big, dark theater whose pleasures are yet to be revealed. By pushing its stars and its secrets across the breakfast table, Hollywood may be hyping itself right out of the wonder business. —Reported by

Elaine Durkin/Los Angeles



sica Lange, star of the new film *Everybody's All-American*. Get home that evening, channel-hop from the local news to *Entertainment Tonight* to *USA Today*. They're all showing behind-the-scenes footage of that warm, witty, winning and winsome new film *Everybody's All-American*. The picture hasn't yet opened at a theater near you, but you feel as if you know all about it. And maybe want to see it.

churned on assembly-line publicity. With the mid-'70s success of *People* magazine, and later *Entertainment Tonight*, the celebrity industry went high tech and high gear. Nearly every hour of the TV day, from *Today* and *Good Morning America* through *Oprah* and *Donahue* to Carson and *Nightwatch*, is filled with show-biz interviews.

It's a superbly symbiotic arrangement. The celebrity media fill their space and time: the hype Houdinis manage simultaneously to alert and to anesthetize the moviegoer. At times, they stroke and stoke each other. "Appearances on a lot of shows are designed to impress the media rather than the public," says Warren Cowan, chairman of the Rogers & Cowan agency. "Writers and editors watch the morning shows, say, and decide to check the stories out." For the sake of détente, these natural adversaries must get along to get ahead. "Some journalists say that the publicity machine isn't worth the powder it would take to blow it up," notes Tom Green, a writer for *USA Today*. "I disagree. Publicists are an integral

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U2 Explores America

From its 1987 tour, the band makes a great live album

BY JAY COCKS

In the midst of all the '87 madness—sold-out arena concerts, two No. 1 singles, a No. 1 album, a deluge of magazine covers—U2 knew they were adrift. It wasn't simply that the velocity of their incredible success had cut them loose from their moorings. Superstardom beamed a sudden, harsh light; the Irish band had no strong musical foundation at all. There was a sudden shared awareness among them that their center could not hold because it had never been firmly fixed.

Bono, the band's vocalist and lyric writer, had been fretting over this problem for some time. "The music of U2 is in space somewhere," he told Bob Dylan. "There is no particular musical roots or heritage for us. In Ireland there is a tradition, but we've never plugged into it." Dylan, who has nurtured and torn up a few roots in his time, knew just what to say: "Well, you have to reach back into music. You have to reach back."

Rattle and Hum, the title of both U2's brand-new album of the 1987 tour and the energetic performance documentary film released last week, is the sound of the band making contact with music, with tradition, with their audience, with one another. The title comes from *Bullet the Blue Sky*, their rabble-rousing apocalypse about American muscle flexing in Central America ("In the locust wind comes a rattle and hum... Outside is America"), but the substance of these various tour diaries is, in fact, an exploration. U2 did more than reach back. They immersed themselves in American musical culture, splashed and reveled about, and came away baptized.

The musical contents of the album and film vary slightly. The record contains three songs not in the movie, while the movie has eight performances not found on the album. LP and film make a good complement to each other, but it is on the record that the band stakes its strongest claim. In its first week of release, *Rattle and*

Hum shot straight to the top of the album charts, accompanied by some grumpy reviews that fretted about a scope that went way too wide and a cohesion that remained elusive. Indeed, *Rattle and Hum* is careeningly ambitious, but what fixes its focus is the band's passion to rediscover and remake themselves. With crystalline production supervised by Jimmy Iovine, U2 has never sounded better or bolder. Performances are mixed together with new, studio-recorded material into a record that is part mosaic and part road map of the group's musical unconscious.

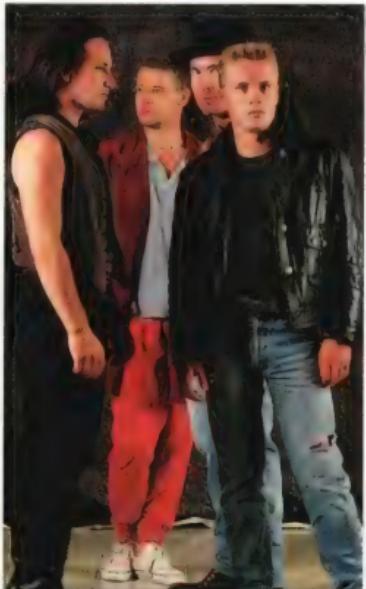
They perform a Harlem gospel choir on a version of *I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For* that becomes a bit of casual exaltation ex rock cathedral. They cook up a new song for the great bluesman B.B. King, *When Love Comes to Town*, and kick out the jams together. They corral Dylan into playing Hammond organ on an extraordinary new

tune, *Hawkmou 269*, and press him into harmony-singing and lyric-writing service on *Love Rescue Me*, a high point not only for the band but also for their informal spiritual adviser. The Edge, the band's wizard guitar player, contributes a lifting, spooky piece of folk inspiration, *Van Diemen's Land*, and the whole group works out at Sun Studios in Memphis, where Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis cut some of their best sides. It is a deliberate pilgrimage, of course, but *Angel of Harlem*, one of the tunes recorded there, not only pays homage to the Sun tradition but also cops a good deal of its sweet, rowdy spirit.

Rattle and Hum sounds big without being pretentious, an extraordinary accomplishment considering that the band has chosen to chronicle its own musical wanderings, then set them—and this is the big step—parallel to a deeper, even more personal striving. The album's first cut, an atomic remake of the Beatles' *Help! Help! Skelter*, sets the trajectory as if it were a tour itinerary, an emotional playground journey from the bottom to the top of a slide "Where I stop and I turn/ And I go for a ride/ Till I get to the bottom/ And I see you again." Many of the album's 17 songs deal with images of exile and uneasy spiritual responsibility, most strikingly in the Dylan collaboration: "Many strangers have I met/ On the road to my regret/ Many lost who seek to find themselves in me/ They ask me to reveal/ The very thoughts they would conceal/ Love rescue me."

It is this pervasive, alternating mood of renewal and uncertainty that gives *Rattle and Hum* its size and its impact. The record is timely enough to get in a neat lyrical crack about the new John Lennon biography ("I don't believe in Goldman his type like a curse/ Instant karma's gonna get him if I don't get him first"), but sufficiently tough-minded to resist looking to music for salvation. Like the Lennon song from which it draws its title, *God Part II* suggests only that if there is any anodyne at all for spiritual pain, it lies inward, on the far side of a troubled heart.

The last tune on *Rattle and Hum*, *All I Want Is You*, is a love song full of gentle pleading, hopeful but not necessarily optimistic, which suggests that in 264 days of touring, some personal relationships were sacrificed, others scarred or put at serious risk. Two hundred sixty-four days is a long time away to be looking for home, and the song, fragile and heartrending, ends the record with unexpected quiet, and intimacy. It is a characteristically bold, even reckless move. Whatever was given up in 1987 remains a mystery, but it is clear, now, what U2 came away with—the best live rock album ever made. The record, in every sense, of their lives. ■



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A New Crusade at Notre Dame

Spirit and speed make Lou Holtz's Irish No. 1 again

Only a couple of seasons ago, the fans were dispirited, the alumni absolutely agonized. Notre Dame football, crucible of legends like Rockne and the Gipper, seemed headed toward the lower depths. The flailing Irish had not enjoyed an undefeated season in 15 years, and for only one brief spell in 1981 had they attained the No. 1 spot in the college rank-

Trophy winner Tim Brown, who graduated, the Irish were ranked 13th in pre-season projections. Eleven of the 22 first-stringers were starting for the first time. To compensate for the lack of experience, Holtz relentlessly drilled his specialty squads and relied on raw speed. In the season opener, the Irish edged out tenth-ranked University of Michigan 19-17 on



Fullback Anthony Johnson cracks through the Rice defense in last Saturday's rout

The Irish, at 9-0, may be heading for their first national title since 1977.

ings. Head coach Gerry Faust, who during his tenure from 1981 to 1985 racked up a lackluster 30-26-1 record, had let the Irish unravel. Once courted like a prom queen in postseason play, Notre Dame appeared in just two bowl games: Liberty (1983) and Aloha (1984). The team, it seemed, was fading from national prominence.

Lately, however, things are looking up. Way up. Employing a combination of teamwork, discipline and canny recruiting, new head coach Lou Holtz, 51, now in his third year, has fielded a young squad that is stomping powerful foes with the zeal of modern-day Crusaders. Last year Holtz's Irish pulled off an 8-4 season, and they currently boast a sterling 9-0 record. More important, Notre Dame last week moved up to the No. 1 ranking, and the team just could capture its first national championship since 1977.

What makes this all the more striking is that no one expected a distinguished season for Notre Dame this year. Playing one of the toughest schedules in the NCAA and lacking the services of 1987 Heisman

the strength of four field goals by diminutive Reggie Ho, a former soccer player from Hawaii.

Late last month the Irish surprised everyone, perhaps even themselves, when they squeaked out a 31-30 win over archrival Miami, the defending national champion, which had been unbeaten in 36 regular-season games. As a sellout crowd of 59,075 roared in the South Bend stands, Irish quarterback Tony Rice threw touchdown passes to freshman wide receiver Raghib ("Rocket") Ismail and junior fullback Braxton Banks, and scored one himself on a keeper option play, a Holtz favorite. Says Holtz with a grin: "We've proved that there is life after Tim Brown."

Perhaps, but inexperience can lead to an odd inconsistency. Favored to beat Navy by five touchdowns, the Irish dropped five passes, lost two fumbles, shanked a punt for a mere 10 yds., and got whistled

for having twelve men on the field—all before winning the game 22-7. On the other hand, against 0-8 Rice last Saturday, Notre Dame dazzled with a 54-11 victory. After Rice scored early in the first quarter, the Irish quickly answered with four touchdowns on their first four possessions. Junior fullback Anthony Johnson rushed for two of Notre Dame's seven TDs. Ismail scored two others, remarkably, by returning kickoffs for 78 and 83 yds.

Much of the Irish success stems from perfectionist Holtz's famous practice sessions and attention to detail. When he arrived at Notre Dame in the winter of 1986, Holtz, who had been head coach at William and Mary, North Carolina State, Arkansas and Minnesota, concentrated on molding the Irish into a clockwork mechanism. Says senior linebacker Wes Pritchett: "He gave out shirts with TEAM on them in big letters and ME in tiny letters. It sounds corny, but the message got through: everyone can't be a star, but if you tackle your assigned role with 100% effort, you can be proud."

A disciple of Ohio State's legendary tough guy Woody Hayes, Holtz often joins huddles during scrimmages and scrutinizes backfielders like a Customs inspector. The idea, he says, is "to make practice worse than the game." The 5-ft. 10-in., 152-lb. coach once barreled onto the field and sacked quarterback Rice for goofing off during a passing drill. During competition, Holtz calls every offensive play from the sidelines.

Recruiting is another Holtz specialty. He signed up twelve of the top 100 high school All-Americans for this year. "The last couple of years, I've recruited for speed," says Holtz. "We've sometimes been a step or two slow. But now we have people like Ismail, who can do 40 yds. in 4.28 seconds." The Wilkes-Barre, Pa., freshman is possibly the fastest receiver in the country.

Such quickness will be needed if the Irish are to speed by their two remaining opponents. They must deal with a weakened

Penn State and, in their final game, with No. 2-ranked U.S.C. If successful, the Irish will probably play currently unbeaten West Virginia in either the Fiesta Bowl or the Gator Bowl, a contest that could decide the national championship. But overconfidence is not in Holtz's play-book. Says he: "Right now—I don't care what the polls say—we're not the best in the country. But maybe we can be by the end of the season." — *By J. D. Reed. Reported by Lee Griggs/South Bend*



Holtz: perfectionism and corny T shirts

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People

By Howard G. Chua-Eoan / Reported by David E. Thigpen



So, Should We Call Him Hamadeus?

"LEONARD BERNSTEIN plays, performs, composes, conducts. He is the American Mozart!" burbles ZUBIN MEHTA, outgoing conductor of the New York Philharmonic, explaining the innumerable 70th-birthday galas for the eternal enfant terrible. But even prodigies have to be made, not just born. Next week Bernstein will receive a Lincoln Center salute on the 45th anniversary of the day he burst into the music



world. With only a few hours' notice, Bernstein, then an unknown assistant conductor, was tapped to substitute for the ailing Bruno Walter at a Philharmonic concert at Carnegie Hall being broadcast across the country on radio. Disdaining a baton, Bernstein led the orchestra using his hands and his engulfing body language. An irrepressible ham himself, Wolfgang Amadeus would have cheered.

Spring Ahead or Fall Behind



If it's autumn in New York, why does it seem like California in the spring? Maybe because designer **Bob Mackie**, who provides much of the Oscar-nights plumage, has given his spring collection the look of his home state. In his Seventh Avenue show last week, Mackie spoofed the traditional bridal gown by coming out with a barefoot surfer girl with sunglasses, a bouquet of poppies and a sequined T shirt. Never blind to his state's faults, he has even created a set of three short dresses called Tremor, Jolt and Aftershock, all beaded with a zigzag lightning-bolt bare midriff. "I like seeing a waist," says Mackie, "and women like to show their waists, if they have one. Waist not, want not."

Let Him Eat Cake

Prince Charles will get the usual Buck House do for his 40th birthday on Nov. 14. Still, he's more excited about daytime bash in a former Birmingham trolley depot, where 1,500 underprivileged youths who have been aided by his charities will wheel out a cake. At the palace the band strikes up at 10:30 p.m., with breakfast served from 1 a.m. Way to go!



Koppel's Green Gang

The Martians are coming! And you can blame it on **RANDY QUAID**. In the movie *Martians Go Home*, which completed filming last week, a billion green tourists arrive on earth after deejay **MARGARET COLIN** plays a jingle by Quaid's character that, in Martian, means "Come on down!" The aliens are obnoxious sticklers for accuracy. "People can't lie anymore," complains Quaid. So what do the Martians like? "They think **TED KOPPEL** has a few good shows from time to time."

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